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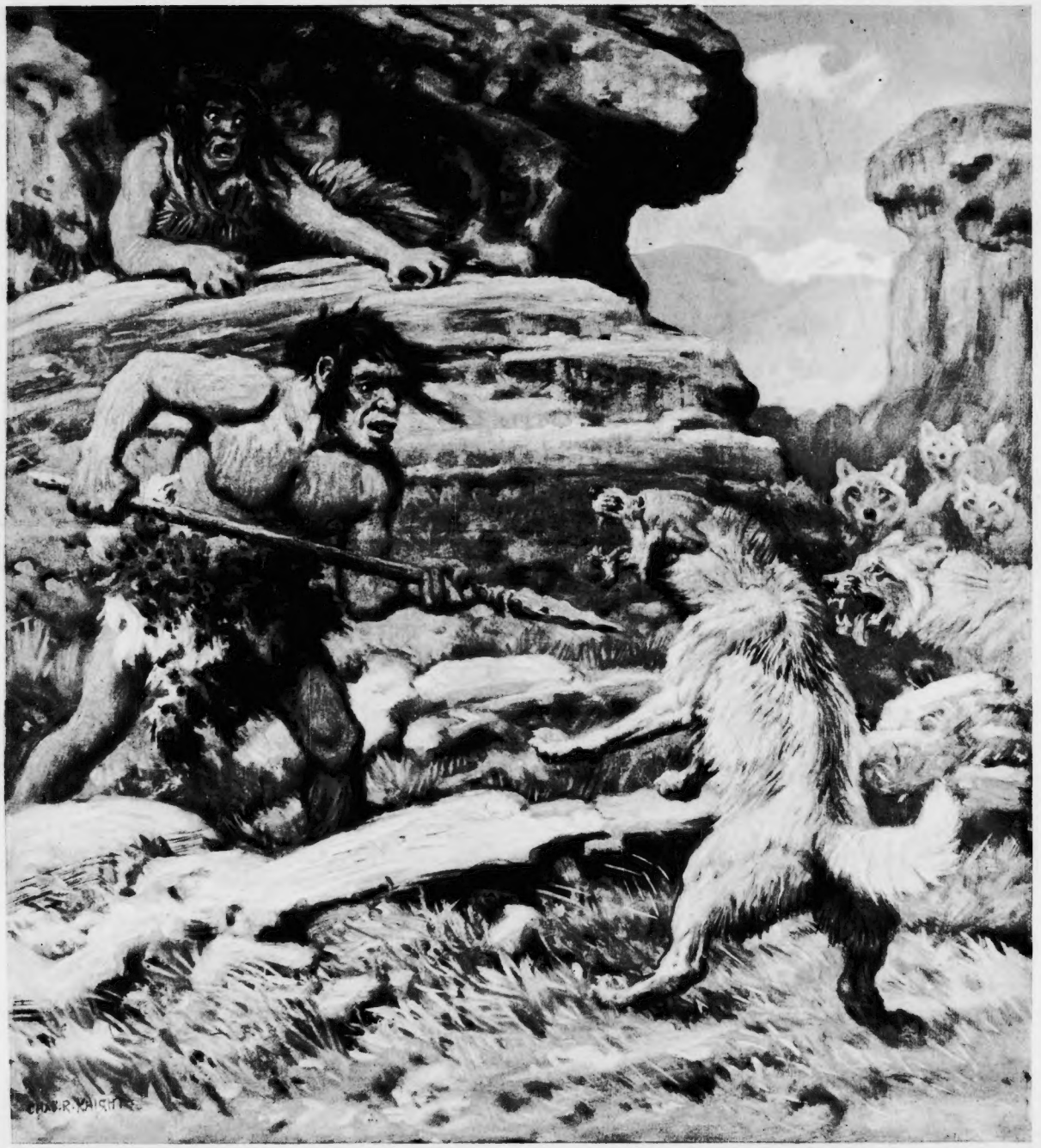


# Our Caveman Ancestors

## Dramatic Paintings of the Life of Prehistoric Man by Charles R. Knight Distinguished Artist-Scientist

**DEFENDING HIS WIFE AND CHILD AGAINST WOLVES**

THIS stirring painting shows a Neanderthal man defending himself, his wife and child against wolves. Every detail is based on remains actually found by scientists. The scene represents one of the many kinds of deadly warfare the prehistoric man had to wage daily in order to exist. A pack of wolves was probably the most deadly of all the enemies he had to face, although the cave-leopard was also a formidable adversary. The wolves probably hunted in great packs with ferocious cunning. The courageous man stands with rough spear poised, his wife and child on a platform on the cliff.

# Mr. Belot's Sculptured Jibes at the Nudists

A Terra Cotta Figure by "Toleb," Which Is Mr. Belot's Name Spelled Backwards. It Shows a "Resting Nude," and Gives His Impression of What the Average Nudist Colony "Beauty" Looks Like.

This May Be a Nudist Woman Sleeping, or Just Resting, Like Most of the Others, but Its Title Is "After the Bath."

Here Is Mr. Belot's Impression of One of the Colonist's "Siesta."

It Seems That All Mr. Belot Saw on His Visit to the Nudist Camp Was People Resting or Sleeping. This Sculptured Remembrance Is Called "Sleeping Nude."

PARIS

THE nudists who gambol in the secluded open spaces in the vicinity of the French capital haven't a good word to say for Monsieur A. Belot, even though he has made something of a name for himself in the world of art. It isn't that the sun-and-air addicts have any complaints about the serious and graceful figurines which Belot created for years without making much of a living from his talent. It's the "stuff" he's been doing lately, since he visited a nudist camp and decided that it was high time he tried his hand at three-dimensional caricatures.

It seems that Artist Belot never had much use for the nudist movement. He is no prude and has reproduced the nude figures of some of the most celebrated models on the Continent, but he has the notion that the average human figure is not a thing of beauty and should be kept more or less covered, except in the privacy of the bath or the boudoir. In his case, he looks upon nudism not as immoral but as a movement that encourages the display of a great deal of ugliness.

One look at the photographs at the top of this page reveals, in a strikingly sarcastic way, what M. Belot thinks of the figures that assaulted his sensitive eyes on his one visit to a nudist colony. He admits that he saw one or two bodies that were beautiful and worth looking at. But at the same time he was shocked by dozens of shapes that, as he put it, "never should be allowed uncovered in any public or semi-public place."

After Monsieur Belot returned to his Paris studio he informed his friends that he was going to be busy for a few days and proceeded to mold his criticism of some of the individuals who go in for nudism. Most of the little figurines he fashioned were overplump, homely-faced matrons in assorted postures of relaxation. The tiny statues had arms and legs all out of proportion. The torsos were lumpy and the poses were anything but graceful.

Working fast and with more enthusiasm than is his custom, the sculptor turned out a dozen or more little figurines and marked them with the signature "Toleb"—his own name spell it backwards. The statuettes were turned over to an art shop and, in a couple of days, were gone. The shopkeeper called on the sculptor and asked him to make more, or provide copies of those that had sold so quickly.

M. "Toleb" explained that he had yet to reach that stage in his career when he wanted to go in for mass production, no matter how profitable that might be. He preferred, he said, to make originals which could be cherished by buyers and something doubly worth owning because it had no duplicates in circulation.

So he pondered the sights he had seen in his day among the nudists and turned out a couple of dozen other comic works of art labeled with such esthetic titles as "Resting Nude," "Sleeping Nude" and "After the Bath." He had a different name for every one and a different pose of a too-fat or shockingly skinny human body.

The second lot went even faster than the first and the sculptor, to his amazement, discovered that he was making more money from his work than he ever did when he was turning out statuettes of nymph-like beauty.

Reporters from newspapers and magazines had quite a time finding the suddenly popular Monsieur Toleb, for the art shop owner refused to explain that the sculptor was none other than his friend Belot. Finally, however, one bright reporter discovered the name and dropped in at Belot's studio, where he saw several of the terra cotta figurines, freshly colored and drying over a heater. In short order he dug out the whole interesting story, including the sculptor's outspoken opinions of people who insist upon going around naked with shapes that are offensively or comically out of shape.

When this interview appeared in print the artist became the target for some rough verbal blows from the French nudists, who had taken a dislike to M. Toleb, but hadn't been able to locate the critical gentleman. Among other things they insisted that nudism is a health movement and that getting the sunshine and fresh air on the naked body is beneficial, whether or not the recipient of these benefits happens to be gracefully constructed.

M. Belot, alias Toleb, didn't bother to talk back. He just went on molding his shapeless little terra cotta figures.

# Death on the Range By Lightning

THE slaughterers in the country's stockyards are highly efficient at killing cattle and sheep intended for the market and the table, but with all their modern methods they can't do as speedy and thorough a job as a lightning bolt, when one of these flashes of electricity strikes a flock of animals in just the right way.

The photograph at the right shows a record killing of this sort—450 sheep laid low by a single bolt. The animals were huddled together in fear one moment and, a fraction of a second later, they were as dead as though each of them had been hit between the eyes with a heavy hammer. Only 54 sheep escaped and some of them were so severely shocked that they were unable to get to their feet and walk away for several minutes.

This tragedy occurred on a rocky slope of American Fork Canyon, Utah, in the heart of the sheep raising country. When the electrical storm broke with great violence the sheep formed themselves into a close herd, milling slowly round and round. The ranchers, knowing that this is a dangerous maneuver, tried to separate the herd into smaller groups, but they weren't very successful. The moment a group of the animals were cut off they returned to the main herd as soon as they could, their woolly bodies pressed close together.

The storm passed directly over the canyon and several deafening bolts ripped into the stony soil, some of them less than a quarter of a mile from the frightened herd. Then there was a blinding flash and an explosion like the blast of a 16-inch gun. The herdsmen ducked and covered their eyes—and when they looked up again the area was strewn with the carcasses of sheep.

A few of the luckless creatures were kicking and bleating faintly, but most of the 450 victims were stone dead. Many of the animals were charred and the carcasses were not salvaged and sent to market.

Lightning plays some incredible tricks, but the explanation of such mass electrocutions is simple. The sheep were packed so closely together that the electric current was conducted from the bodies of the one or two animals actually hit by the bolt to all the others. The damp wool acted as a potent medium for the electricity.

Scientists are of the opinion that some of the force of the bolt also was imparted from the ground through the hooves of the sheep. In other words, they were "grounded" and received the shock from two directions.

After the tragedy, F. G. Koziol, a member of the U. S. Forest Service, stationed at Ogden, Utah, said: "In the American Fork disaster, which occurred at 10,000 feet elevation, no one was to blame. Whenever a thunder and lightning storm strikes this section the sheep naturally want to bunch together. It is their instinct when they are scared. Herders sometimes try to break the flock up into smaller groups, but it is hard to do this once a storm has broken, because the tendency of sheep is to follow a leader and to hang together in the face of danger."

A similar slaughter was reported last year just what of Council, Iowa. In this case a small herd of sheep were feeding on the slopes of the Cuddy Mountains, at an elevation of about 9,000 feet. The storm struck with great violence and the lightning played tricks by dashing from cloud to cloud as well as between the clouds and the ground. One blue-white bolt ripped down into the stony hillside and struck in the midst of a flock. Eighty of the animals were instantly killed.

A Photograph Taken After a Thunderstorm in American Fork Canyon, Utah. Within the Camera's Range Are Shown About 450 Sheep, Out of 504, That Were Struck Dead by a Lightning Bolt.

# California's Four-Legged Fishing "Schooners"

SOME time ago a great deal of publicity was given to the fact that fishermen at a Southern resort on the East Coast tried the trick of fishing with their lines dangling from big kites. The kites were put up from the decks of motor boats and rose high in the air. Several bites were registered and cameramen caught exciting pictures of the kites jumping frantically in the sky while big fish tugged at the hooks beneath the surface and, occasionally, broke water to help the venture along.

In California the real estate men and loyal citizens keep their eyes peeled for such goings-on and, more often than not, manage to think up something different and quite as spectacular and newsworthy. The photograph at the left is proof that it is not easy to outsmart the Bear State when it comes to trick ways of following in the footsteps of Isaak Walton, the celebrated dean of anglers.

Perhaps and very likely, visitors to the West Coast will not go in for riding elephants to the fishing grounds. But it seemed like a good idea at the time and the five pretty and shapely young women pressed into service for the enterprise enjoyed themselves immensely sitting on the living "decks" of their four-legged "schooners."

Strangely enough, the elephants seemed to get a lot of fun out of the goings-on, too, and they waded out into the salt water and stood patiently by while the girls dangled lines in the briny deep hoping that they would hook a fish while the cameras were clicking.

From their high perches it was not necessary for them to do any casting, which is an art that requires considerable practice and skill. The big beasts just walked out until their bulky bodies were half immersed and the water was deep enough for fishing.

Los Angeles was the scene of the pioneer experiment in what might be called the "try elephants for fishing" movement and the brutes were borrowed for the occasion from a concern that supplies animals of various kinds for the spectacles of Hollywood.

Elephants, it seems, get a big kick out of playing in the water and they have the urge to roll over and spray themselves with their elongated trunks. It took a bit of doing to keep them in an upright position and make them understand that their job for the moment, was carrying a quintet of good-looking young women on a fishing expedition and not disporting themselves in the cool waters of the Pacific.

Loyal Floridians, taking note of the four-legged fishing "schooners," pointed out that one of the latest ways of fishing recently was inaugurated in Miami when visitors put on watertight goggles and went a-spearing fish while holding their breath and walking beneath the surface of the clear water.

Whether this manner of angling is as spectacular and exciting as sitting astride the broad back of an elephant and casting bait to port and starboard is a moot question which might not be easy to settle. Anyway the West Coast disciples of Isaak Walton said for publication that they couldn't think of any more novel thrill than to pack up their fishing rods and to be hoist aboard an elephant headed for the water. They envied themselves—even if they didn't bring many fish.

The "schooners" could have carried more crew.

No, This Picture Wasn't Snapped in India. The Scene Is Los Angeles and the Five Young Women Are Angling From the Broad Backs of a Couple of Elephants Borrowed for an Experiment in Fishing Which Might Make the Late Isaak Walton Turn Over in His Grave if He Imagined That Such Innovations Were Being Introduced in the Ancient Sport.

# Chickens Stooge for Smugglers

MILAN, Italy.

IF the Italian border police hadn't become suspicious of the unusual number of chickens being shipped out of the country and taken a look inside the neatly plucked carcasses of the birds, the Government might never have uncarthed a clever smuggling plot, and Milan housewives would not have had the surprise of getting stocks and bonds with their Sunday dinners.

There is a law in Italy that such negotiable securities cannot be taken or sent out of the land, but one Francesco Vigano, a self-styled poultry dealer, thought he could beat the law and began tucking stock certificates inside shipments of dressed fowl.

Because he hadn't been in the business long and was making such heavy sales the border patrol became suspicious and held up his birds while they took them apart. In one lot they discovered stocks and bonds valued at 40,000 lira.

Others in the same racket, learning of the exposure, tossed their loads of poultry out of trucks and wagons beside the road and fled from the frontier police. Peasants picked up the abandoned fowl, took them into Milan and sold them to grocers and butchers. Housewives bought the birds and, when they were preparing them for the table, discovered that each fowl contained a stock certificate.

Most of the buyers were loyal subjects of Mussolini and turned the valuable pieces of paper over to the authorities. The police went to work on the case and believe that at least half a dozen "brokers" will be rounded up and jailed for using chickens as stooges in their business.

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# "A Refined Woman Couldn't Become So Bold in 6 Days"

## 6 Married Jurors Believed What the Help Said They Saw Through 6 Windows of a Miami Beach Hotel and Ordered Rich Mr. Mallory to Pay Rich Mr. Edgar $35,000 For How They Said He Acted With Mrs. Edgar After Only 6 Days' Pursuit, but 6 Judges Have Just Set the Verdict Aside

Mr. Mallory Calmly Hearing the First Verdict as He Smoked a Cigarette in the Florida Court.

Mrs. Kathryn Crawford Edgar, Whose Evident Refinement Prompted the Upper Court to Act on Its Disbelief That She Could Cast Off the Veneer of Culture Within a Week After Meeting the Handsome Bachelor.

As Revealed During Her Exercises, Kathryn's Figure (at Left) Did not Impress One Judge As Voluptuous Enough for Her to Be Classified As a Siren.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Before the Battle When She Had Not Yet Met Mr. Mallory.

Kathryn as a Featured Player in a Recent Successful Musical Movie.

PHOTO CLARENCE BYCLAY FILM

IT IS not reasonable or probable that a refined woman could become so bold and abandoned in less than a week—also $35,000 was grossly excessive damages for home-wrecking, under the circumstances.

Such is the gist of the opinion recently handed down by Florida's Supreme Court, reversing a verdict won last summer by James Edgar, Michigan sugar heir, from Lewis E. Mallory III, Pennsylvania oil heir, for alleged alienation of the affections of Mrs. Edgar, the former actress, Kathryn Crawford.

The testimony which the Supreme Court's entire six judges unanimously declare, purported to describe a series of extraordinary scenes that Mr. Edgar and his witnesses swore they saw through the windows of Mallory's bedroom on the ground floor of the Dauphine Hotel, at Miami Beach.

Higher courts sometimes reverse decisions of the lower ones for reasons not always clear to spectators who watched the trial. But this time the six justices of the upper court put their fingers on the very thing that had puzzled most of those who listened to, or read about the case in Judge Worth Trammell's Circuit Court.

Why didn't they pull down those six windows' shades?

Mr. Mallory, 22 years old at the time and known as the "night hawk," may have been a playboy and the jury of six married men may have believed that he was as indifferent to the reputation of his friend's beautiful wife as he was to his own morals; but he was a man of wealth who would almost certainly be sued for such damages as the witnesses said they saw. All he had to do to shut out these witnesses and save himself that $35,000 verdict which has just been set aside, was to pull down six shades. Could any one be so careless or lazy?

Perhaps the jury remembered that playboys have done things quite as idiotic, just what about Mrs. Edgar? Here was a young woman, unhappily married to a rich man, with divorce in the offing. From a cold-blooded, mercenary point of view, was it possible that she would flaunt her infidelity in the public eye, thus putting herself at her husband's mercy and throwing away a big alimony plum?

The Supreme Court Justices did not go into this aspect but stressed another, that lifetime habits and manners are not destroyed in a day or even in six days, for this case seems to run to sixes and the "villain" had only pursued her six days when these alleged scenes were staged in Mallory's penthouse.

Mrs. Edgar was not only a woman of previously good reputation but of refinement, with no taint of vulgarity. No matter how infatuated, would such a woman visit the apartment of a bachelor on the ground floor of a hotel, where she could hear the footsteps of help, constantly passing, just outside those six windows, and go through the shameless scenes described without asking her alleged companion to pull down the shades?

The star witnesses of these spectacles were Edward Matthews, night steward, Harry Dulje, bell captain, and William Holstrunk, night watchman. These testified that they and other employes of the expensive hotel used to stroll outside Mallory's windows, when the actress and he were in the room. They swore that the pair were sometimes semi-dressed, sometimes not dressed at all and were "loving each other" and using pet names such as darling.

After Dulje told of the bell-hops, and told what he had seen, John Murrell, defense attorney, asked him:

"What you saw was nothing unusual, was it?"

"Oh, no," the young witness replied in a bored tone, "bell-hops see lots of things like that."

Holstrunk apparently was in a somewhat embarrassing position. He was sufficiently interested in the alleged "peeping pictures" to stand and stare in at least five times through those open windows. But it was also his duty as watchman to disperse the others of the audience when the crowd became so large as to look as if something had happened and attract strangers. And besides, the hotel was losing a lot of man hours and woman hours.

He said that one evening while the help were looking through one set of the windows he found a strange man gaping pop-eyed through the other set. This would not do at all, so the watchman sternly ordered him to get out of there. What right had he to be playing Peeping Tom through the windows of an exclusive hotel?

"But I am that woman's husband," he says the man replied. A hotel watchman must be very careful about people's rights because if he ejects a person illegally, it may cost the hotel a lawsuit. Grave doubts arose in Mr Holstrunk's cautious mind. Probably a husband enjoyed the legal right to stare at his own wife, no matter in what state of undress he might happen to find her, a more fundamental right than the help who worked there, even the watchman, though his business is to watch.

However, this man might not be what he claimed to be, so he says he took the pop-eyed stranger all the way to the desk and made him identify himself as Mrs. Edgar's husband. After that he dared not prevent Mr. Edgar from staring at Mrs. Edgar. It was even worse than that, according to Holstrunk, who testified as follows when it was intimated that he had been paid by the husband:

"From what we watchmen see, we could be testifying all the time, but we try to keep from these heart-balm suits. But this husband saw me looking right at it and what could I do?"

Anton Kloos, former head waiter, who was rushed from New York in an airplane as a surprise witness, went into the matter of clothing, explicitly. He said:

"The first time I saw her she had on pants and a brassiere but she didn't keep them on very long. Mr. Mallory didn't have anything."

He related that in a couple of excursions he had given as much as a quarter of an hour of his valuable time to peer through the windows, but on a third occasion an interesting thing happened. After a few minutes watching somebody they did not know came along, causing them to feel embarrassed and go away, thus indicating a higher standard of loving among the help than among the guests.

When Edgar's attorney, Fred Bottis, was calling all this evidence to the attention of the judges of the Supreme Court on the appeal hearing, Justice Fred H. Davis observed:

"It must have been a sort of exhibition."

"It was a nightly show for employes of the hotel," the lawyer informed the court.

Besides critical reviews of the night ly shows, there was other evidence. A card was introduced that came with flowers sent to Kathryn when she was in the hospital suffering from nervous breakdown. It read:

"Darling, never forget I have loved you all there is and still love you all there is. Lew."

Lew was supposed to be Lewis Mallory and living her all there is would fool, leave even a crumb of affection for the husband according to Edgar's estimates. There was also a telegram which Kathryn was accused of sending to the playboy. It reads as follows:

"Nothing worth while without you, my dear. I love you with every fibre of my soul and pray every day you are away that you will come back free of fear and mind. Such is my love for you."

The actress appeared at the trial as a witness for Mallory, and her husband's lawyer turned on her with the following sarcasm:

Q. You came down here for the purpose of protecting your reputation?

A. I certainly did.

Q. Did it occur to you, Miss Crawford, that back in March, at the Deauville Hotel, would have been a good time to think of that?

The judge sustained an objection to this question and ordered it stricken from the record but its effect may not have been stricken from the minds of the jurors. Also it may have been a boomerang, challenging the attention of the upper court to that problem in everyone's mind: why didn't she think of his reputation at least enough to pull down the shades?

Another query that was barred out was put to Mallory after he had testified how platonic and proper everything had been. It was this:

"If you had been intimate with a woman of otherwise good reputation would you tell the truth about it?"

Either answer is wrong because on the one hand the witness would be a self-confessed perjurer and the other a cad. In spite of the defense witnesses, the plaintiff seems to have proved too much. The Supreme Court handed down a main or "per curiam" opinion in which the whole six justices collaborated and there were also three concurring opinions.

"The record presents a most amazing set of alleged facts upon which the plaintiff relied for recovery," the main opinion states. There is in the record evidence which tends to establish the following salient facts: Plaintiff was married to an actress known as Miss Kathryn Crawford. The marital relations were neither congenial nor happy. Plaintiff was a gambler of considerable means and was connected with gambling operations. He was high-tempered and impetuous. His wife was a woman of culture and refinement, possessed of an unblemished character and reputation.

"Mrs. Edgar and Mr. Mallory were thrown together at Miami Beach and Havana. Several employes of the hotel where Mallory lived testified that they saw Mrs. Edgar in Mr. Mallory's bedroom at late hours of the night in compromising positions with each other, both being nude, having an electric light burning in the room on the ground floor with windows up and curtains or draperies not drawn. The testimony of these witnesses was conflicting as to what was seen and at the times when some of these witnesses purported to have observed these amours. Mrs. Edgar was in Cuba with her husband.

"The story told by these witnesses is contrary to reason and probability. It portrays the conduct of a brazen and abandoned woman, not that of a refined woman being seduced by an ardent lover of less than a week's acquaintance. Upon the whole record we must hold that the verdict and judgment was grossly excessive."

Justice Davis, who has since died, wrote one of the concurring opinions, perhaps to clarify the matter of excessive damages for breaking up a home if it was broken, and to throw light on the behavior of Florida's winter visitors. The opinions states:

"Where an adventurous marauder of wifely affections mistakes adultery for chivalry he should expect to assume the cost of his entrepreneurship in amorous dilettantism by paying the price of the tunes he piped for personal gratification. This record presents a state of facts all too common in a Godless age where sybaritic pleasure appears the principal indoor sport of the vacationing playboy luxuriating in a balmy clime noted for its conduciveness to pleasure of the flesh as well as the spirit.

"That fact does not alter long established rules of law to restrain if not entirely inhibit acts of criminal conversation with other men's wives that are productive of violence and disorder whatever the preparatives or looseness of the wives may be."

Chief Justice Ellis filed personal objection to one of his colleague's mellifluous phrases and introduced Potiphar's wife and Joseph, Bathsheba and Uriah the Hittite and David into the case in this response:

"If entrepreneurship in amorous dilettantism implies that indulgence between man and woman is a fine art it is not so regarded in the list of accomplishments of polite or even semi-polite society. If there were seduction in this case, it was of a Potiphar's wife character in which Mallory exhibited less restraint than Joseph and more of the weakness of the average man. Or it may have been such seduction as was unintentionally practiced by Bathsheba, wife of Uriah, the Hittite, upon David, whose amorous susceptibilities were even greater than those of Mallory, the defendant."

The aged justice went commenting on Mrs. Edgar's figure, as disclosed in a bathing suit in pictures offered in evidence. The Judge said:

While the pictures do not reveal Venus-like voluptuousness, the defendant Mallory may have been attracted by her semi-concealed charms while engaged in pleasures of the bath at Miami Beach. However, I fail to discover that the defendant practiced salacious methods upon the plaintiff to gain his wife's love or to lure her affections from whom she seems to have had estrangement.

"While that does not destroy the plaintiff's right of action the removal by husband and wife of the golden quality of connubial bliss and which seems the adhesive element in the bond of matrimony, may be considered in estimating damages inflicted by physical invasion of the husband's premises."

And on that basis the Chief Justice declared $35,000 too much money for the assuagement of the husband's heart.

Some of those who heard Judge Ellis's reference to the adhesiveness of connubial bliss nodded their heads, perhaps in appreciation of the profound logic that whether they really stick together or not they're stuck anyway.

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# Sent To Jail For Shooting The "Spectre"

UNDER the thatched roof of a Jugoslavian inn, Ivan Hajduk was forgetting the responsibility of being a farmer. He was throwing a birthday party and all his friends were there.

He turned once more to Draga Mantsich, the dark-haired beauty who adorned the village of Lyubiski, and proposed to her for perhaps the twelfth time that evening. Ivan loved her, but then she was the despair of all the young men, and her refusals at least did not seem to mean dislike for him any more than for the rest. Draga had more to drink than was good for her.

She began to rubbish the tameness of all the young men. As for Ivan, she said, here he was on his 28th birthday, still unmarried. It was to be expected, she mocked, for he lacked courage of any sort. But it wasn't just Ivan, every man present had asked her hand, and she was proud to say she had refused them all. But alas, and here Draga began to weep as the wine exaggerated her emotions, she had given up hope for the kind of man she wanted. She would make the best of what there was; she would marry the man with the most courage among them.

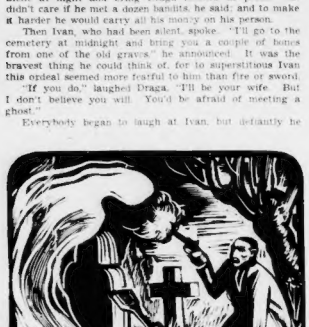
Then there was confusion, and to the resentment of the other girls, all the young men began squabbling as to who was the bravest. They were all anxious to win pretty Draga's hand. But to be sure the most eager of all were the two who really loved her, and they were Ivan and his best friend, Sava Kostich.

Kostich made a loud boast that he would visit the woods alone at night and bring Draga flowers as proof. He didn't care if he met a dozen bandits, he said; and to make it harder he would carry all his money on his person.

Then Ivan, who had been silent, spoke. "I'll go to the cemetery at midnight and bring you a couple of bones from one of the old graves," he announced. It was the bravest thing he could think of, for to superstitious Ivan this ordeal seemed more fearful to him than fire or sword.

"If you do," laughed Draga, "I'll be your wife. But I don't believe you will. You'd be afraid of meeting a ghost."

Everybody began to laugh at Ivan, but defiantly he



**Ivan Whipped Out a Revolver and Fired at the Ghost. To His Surprise the Phantom Didn't Vanish, but Sank, Humanlike to the Ground, Howling With Pain.**

announced he would do it. A bet was a bet, he said, and he was going to win Draga, this very night, at the stroke of the witching hour. It was late already, and the party began to break up, but Sava whispered to the others to come back after Ivan left, so they could surprise him.

Just before midnight there crept in at the edge of the cemetery a dark figure. It was Ivan, half frozen with fear. He stumbled past the recent graves because even in his befuddled condition he knew that the cleanest bones without any flesh would be found in the oldest graves.

He selected a grave, pressed the shovel he'd borrowed from the tavern keeper into the soft ground and then midnight struck. No sooner did the last chime of the village clock fade away than a weird unearthly yell came from a nearby gravestone. Ivan's heart began to feel as if it was freezing up, he stood rooted to the spot but his eyes followed with fascination the progress of a tall white spectre that was advancing toward him. The apparition seemed to ooze over the gravestones in its path and loomed nearer. It uttered another wail, but then a terrible thing happened. Overcome with terror and still confused by the drinks he had, Ivan did something unexpected.

He whipped a revolver from his coat pocket and fired at the ghost, in order, as he put it later, "to scare it away." But to his surprise the apparition sank to the ground with a howl of pain and the very human words: "Help, mother, I'm dying."

Ivan ran forward, but before he could gather his wits, the cemetery was full of people. More and more figures came out from behind the tombstones and crowded around the form of the stricken "ghost."

Ivan recognized them as his friends who had drunk his health early that evening. Draga was there, too. She flung herself upon the white figure of the apparition and wailed that Sava must not die. "I love you, only you," she told the motionless form. "Someone get a doctor quick," she screamed, and promised Sava she would marry him if only he would get well.

Then Ivan understood what it was all about. Sava Kostich and his other friends had planned to make him the butt of a practical joke. Kostich, his friend and rival, had dressed up as a ghost to appear from behind a tombstone at midnight, when Ivan would be most afraid. Many came along, envious that Ivan might win the desirable Draga. The rest came along for the fun of it, to see what would happen when a timid swain would meet a graveyard spook.

They saw, all right. What they had not known was that Ivan was so afraid of ghosts that he did not borrow just a shovel from the landlord, but also a revolver to protect himself.

The practical joke turned into a tragic joke for those who played it. Kostich was rushed to the hospital at Kraljevo, but he died without recovering consciousness a few hours later. Ivan was arrested and tried at the Court of Justice in Kraljevo. The court held that Ivan wasn't responsible for his friend's death because he had fired the shot in a frenzied state of mind. He was not, under the circumstances, responsible for his action because he did not know he was shooting at a man.

But for having violated the peace of the cemetery he was sent to jail for two weeks.

# Women In 1960 "Walking County Fairs" Scientist Says

DR. HARRY E. BARNARD, the research director of the Farm Chemurgic Council, of Dearborn, Michigan, recently predicted that the woman of 1960 would be a "walking county fair." By that he meant that practically everything she wears and uses, from the time she gets up in the morning until she goes to bed at night, will probably be made by chemical processes out of something that came from a farm.

Her saucy little "felt" hat may be made out of peanut shells. The "wool" in her warm Winter coat will perhaps be spun out of casein, a tough, pliable substance extracted from skimmed milk. In the form of cheese, the dairy will also supply the basic material for the buttons, fashioned to resemble mother-of-pearl, tortoise shell or anything else from which buttons have been made in the past. Her bright-colored dress of "worsted," "rambric," or "muslin" might be derived from corn stalks. Her underskirt, if she wears one, and her dainty "unmentionables" will perhaps be woven from fibres salvaged from fence-corner weeds, and the sheer, gleaming fabric of her "silk" stockings may have once been wheat chaff.

The waste that is left after the juice has been pressed from sugar cane may form the base of her "leather" gloves, and the "rubber" of her overshoes might be manufactured out of sweet potatoes. Any one of a score of things might provide the "ivory" for the handle of her umbrella, but as likely as not it will come from sunflower seed. And the unbreakable "crystal" of her wrist watch, as well as the case and most of its works except the jewels, may be moulded from chemical compounds reclaimed from various kinds of refuse, such as corn cobs.

But this is only part of the picture, and probably the least important part, at that. Just suppose, for instance, that this imaginary Miss 1960 is a secretary, who lives in a suburban bungalow and drives her own car; then follow her swiftly through the course of the day and there will scarcely be any time when she is not making use of some kind of farm products.

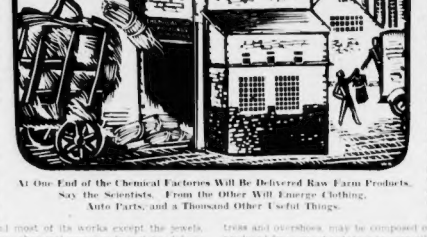
To begin with, the house and the furniture in it will doubtless be composed largely of chemical elements taken from things that grew out of the soil: oats, corn, hemp, flax, walnut shells, cotton stalks and hulls, grape seed, straw and hulls, rice husks and straw, and soybeans. By various complicated processes, those "source materials" will be "broken down" chemically, the molecules out of which Nature constructed them will be taken apart, separated into new groups and put together again in a different form. Then they will be converted into different kinds of plastic materials that can be pressed and molded, in imitation of metals and wood—and they can be given any type of finish or color that will not wear away, and will also be fireproof.

The "sleep-sweetly" mattress on which Miss 1960 rests so comfortably will perhaps have corn shucks in it, but it will not be the kind of corn shuck mattress to be found nowadays in hill-billy cabins. It will be an soft and resilient that the thought will never occur to her that corn shucks went into its making. And there will be nothing about it to show that they did. They will have been decomposed by the use of acid, and after being refined in a number of ways, what is left will perhaps be mixed with corn oil and then treated with sulphur and various other chemicals until the result is a spongy mass.

She may take her bath in a tub that has been pressed out of a combination of sawdust, vinegar and glue. As for her soap, it might be made out of almost anything, but it's possible that the chief ingredient will be taken from old pine stumps that have been sticking up and spoiling the landscape for generations before chemists showed the landowners how to turn them into cash. Her favorite perfume, too, by whatever name its manufacturers call it and whatever scents it is meant to imitate, may be blended out of substances distilled from some of those old pine stumps.

And after she has dressed herself in garments that will make her, all unawares, a walking county fair, she may drink a cup of coffee sweetened with sugar that did not come from beets or cane, but from corn, or might have been compounded from elements distilled from pine trees. The chair in which she sits back to enjoy her after-breakfast cigarette may be made of oat hulls, and the paper of the cigarette will be made of American hemp.

If she absent-mindedly puts the burning cigarette down on the shining table top, that won't cause any damage. There will be no varnish on the table to be scorched by its mahogany "finish", will have been mixed into the material while it was still in the "soupy" stage at the plastic furniture plant.



**At One End of the Chemical Factories Will Be Delivered Raw Farm Products, Say the Scientists. From the Other Will Emerge Clothing, Auto Parts, and a Thousand Other Useful Things.**

Her automobile will be another "agricultural exhibit." There will still be some metal in it, no doubt, in the engine, the springs and its heavier parts, which have to bear the greatest stresses and strains. The windshield will perhaps be a shatter-proof "glass," derived, like the crystal of her watch, from some type of vegetable grown, and it is possible that the windows of her home will be of this same "artificial" compound. The tires on the car will perhaps be "hemp grown" too, and like her mattress and overshoes, may be composed of synthetic rubber, produced from sweet potatoes or corn oil.

But Dr. Barnard says it is difficult to forecast just how much of Miss 1960's car will come from things grown on the farm, because automobile manufacturers are continually finding new uses for farm products. They are already using goat's hair, linseed oil, corn, rather oil, cotton, parts of hogs and hog oil, which comes from a Chinese nut.

They are also experimenting with cars equipped with steering wheels, gear shift knobs, horn buttons and panel boards made out of soybeans, and recent experiments indicate that there is no reason why plastic materials will not in time be molded into the form of gears and other parts.

Cheap, rough, coarse cloth of waste materials, such as that suggested for the roads, may also be used in something can be coated with plastic "binders" and built up layer by layer, into sheets of great strength and durability, which will not need paint or other surfacing to make them resist corrosion. Materials of this kind can be formed into tubing, shoulder pads and other parts of clothing. They can be twisted, molded or pressed into almost any shape.

The fuel for this 1960 model automobile will be largely alcohol, says Dr. Barnard, and it will be produced from almost any old thing around the farm. Dahlia bulbs, corn cobs, artichokes, potatoes or sorghum.

The road over which Miss 1960 drives to her office will be made of cotton, or at any rate it will have a cotton mesh binder underneath the surfacing material, for Dr. Barnard points that this type of road building has already been tried out in various parts of the country and been found to be more lasting and satisfactory in a number of ways than the plain types of highway construction.

In her office, her desk and chair will be similar to the furniture in her house, and her typewriter will be made mainly out of soybeans or something of the sort.

Historians have divided ancient times into different "ages," like the Stone Age, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, each instance taking the name from some material which men had finally learned how to use, and Dr. Barnard believes that the world is now entering into an era which future historians may call the "Plastic Age."

# Strange Adventures Of The Romantic Chimpanzee

THE romantic attachment of a hairy ape for a comely woman of Liverpool, recently led "Mickey," a large and handsome chimpanzee from the zoo, through some curious adventures.

He'd always been docile, easy to handle and affectionate. Because of his good behavior he was allowed to walk about in a clearing, held secure by a six-foot chain.

The keepers of the zoo knew that a young woman had been in the habit of visiting the zoo every afternoon. She always went to see Mickey, and spoke to him in a friendly way, as women will in the presence of animal pets. Apparently Mickey got wrong ideas about her interest in him.

One day the woman did not show up, and that was the day that Mickey took it into his head to run away. As evening arrived and his "right o'love" didn't appear, he became restless. To his keepers the mystery is how he got away, but he did.

After a while, still in the park, he found himself before the entrance of a large tent—it was a circus. Mickey tried to crash the show in which attempt he was challenged by the manager and a lion tamer. This annoyed the chimpanzee, so that he bit the manager and also proved that a lion tamer couldn't tame him.

The ape decided that his reception hadn't been friendly enough, and strolled off, debonair and nonchalant as ever. Mickey didn't like the automobiles that were speeding by and so he stayed on the sidewalk. The drivers of the cars seemed in no mood to offer him a lift. In the gathering darkness, he at last found himself in front of an office building. He entered it and walked up two flights to where he found an open door. The office boy who was cleaning up did not ask Mickey what was wanted, but ran for dear life. A backward glance showed the lad that Mickey had found himself a seat at the desk of the boss.

Later, returning to the street he found children playing. Like a little boy on an errand who keeps being held up by his wandering interests, Mickey joined in the children's play, much to their delight. A mother saw what was happening and screamed, and a laborer came running with a shovel. Again Mickey lost away and was soon out of sight, but not before he had bitten the man.

So far his escapades had been more or less victorious, but the girl of his affections was still not to be found. At last, or was it an illusion? Mickey saw her. Perhaps he couldn't tell the difference in the twilight. But his wild heart softened at the sight of her, and slowly he reeled toward her, his long arms touching the ground. His eyes were moist with affection, his face wrinkled into a loving Simian grin. Up and down he jumped in greeting.

But the poor woman crouched back against the porch steps, scared almost to death. Still Mickey came nearer, but just then a policeman caught up with him. Mickey didn't care any more; he had seen his "girl friend," or thought he had, which amounted to the same thing.

He let himself be arrested without raising a rumpus. In fact, he seemed pleased. Fickle Mickey's eyes had already been taken in by the shining buttons on the policeman's uniform. Then he gave the policeman his paw and obediently followed him back to the zoo.

# Once A Thief, Always A Thief Proven Again

NOT everybody has to choose between a life of luxury and a life of crime. But a fourteen-year-old boy named Tony Van Nestor, described by Police Chief Bob Milburn as "the meanest little thief in town," had that choice at Palm Beach recently. With one of the longest crime records in the county, he had been arrested for the fifteenth time when Charles Frances Coe, a writer, interceded.

The lad was facing a seven-year term in the reform school when Coe appeared on the scene. It happened that the former prizefighter who wrote his way into Palm Beach social life was on the payroll as a deputy sheriff at a dollar a year in order to find material for crime stories and talk with the criminal element.

Many a crook, broke and in trouble, has been slipped a bill from Coe's bankroll because the "big fellow" was eager to share with those less fortunate. Coe knows what it means to get the bad breaks, and he is always trying to give the other fellow more than an even break.

He is still known to many as "Socker" Coe, because of the way he knocked them down in boxing contests in the Navy. But now he has received a foul below the belt, not from a man his size, but from the boy he saved from jail. He has had to admit that for once he is licked. What happened was that Tony had bitten the hand that fed him.

The immediate cause that threw Coe and Tony together dates back a few months to when Tony stole a sailboat, broke into a store, and then told the cops to "prosecute and be damned. I'll get out on parole again just as I did before."

Strangely enough that is just what happened, but in a more royal manner than Tony had expected. He is listed as "Number One" in the books that date from when the police started a modernized crime file in 1931. But so easy and consistent have been his escapes from punishment that the police told themselves it was "no use to pick that kid up again, he always lands a parole." But pick him up they did only to put him on easy street. At the office of Sheriff W. H. Lawrence, Tony by good fortune met Coe, who talked

**Tony Ran Away and Climaxed His Departure by Stealing Mr. Coe's Boat, Cash, Pistols, a Shotgun and a Lantern. He Had Let His Benefactor Down Thoroughly.**

to him and took a liking to him. A deal was made, and when Tony went before Judge John L. Moore, the verdict was not a penalty but a present.

Tony was to move out of his county jail cell into one of the most comfortable homes in Hobe Sound, near Palm Beach. Down the beach were the winter homes of James Joseph Tunney, former heavyweight champion of the world, and similar "big shots."

It was a chance that comes once in a lifetime. It was the fate of this kid from the gutters to be elevated to a position where he might rub elbows with the rich. In place of his prison-suited rags, he found a couple of hundred dollars' worth of brand-new clothing waiting for him.

There was a maid to make his bed and pick things up after him as he hurried from riding clothes to slacks which he wore to go sailfishing in Coe's fast cruiser. There was even a chauffeur to drive him to and from school in one of Coe's three cars. He was allowed the things he craved, too. There was plenty of "chickum" for his hare, and this was something he loved the way some people love liquor.

It was a curious change for the lad, from a vagabond life to the ways of a little gentleman. But Tony just couldn't behave. He spurned the fine life that had been handed to him on a silver platter. Late one night Mr. and Mrs. Coe went to the fights in West Palm Beach and left the lad alone for the evening. Tony had everything a boy could want. But "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" as Isaac Watts wrote. Like a perfect fool, Tony gave up his "life of Reilly" and ran away.

Tony wasn't satisfied just to run away, and by his departure prove that Coe's hopes of changing him had been misplaced. The ungrateful lad, taking along a lantern, a shotgun, two pistols, and $110 in cash, all of which belonged to the benefactor, hopped into Socker's fast power boat and beat it.

Deputy Coe called police, who found the speedboat beached in a damaged condition a few miles south. They found a truck driver who had been offered $10 to drive Tony to West Palm Beach, and the search was turned to that community. Sure enough, the next day the boy was found at the docks, trying to buy an outboard motor priced at $100, all he had left to show for his escapade. The shooting irons, it was found, had already been hocked.

That is how Tony muffed a million-dollar chance. The next day he faced Deputy Coe from behind the bars. "I played fair with you, didn't I?" the author asked. Tony admitted this was so.

"Did you play fair with me?" continued Coe. There was no answer.

"When you think that over and learn the answer," Coe told him, "you'll have learned a lot about life."

There was no smile on Coe's face when he left the room. But Tony grinned. He was still grinning when the judge sentenced him to seven years in the Florida reform school the other day. If he doesn't make good there, Judge Moore told him, he will have to serve five years at hard labor in the State penitentiary.

Even now Tony doesn't seem to realize what he has allowed to slip from his grasp. The day he was to be taken away to the reform school, he sat with his hair shined with "stickum" and played the harmonica. He told a cellmate, "I'll be at the reform school and paroled and back in jail before you're through this lousy dump."

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# How Our Minds Influence Our Bodies

## *Science Accepts the Startling Effects of Bad Mental Habits Which May Cause Stomach Trouble, Arthritis or Heart Disease---And Shows That Faith Can Help in Stopping the Growth of Cancer or Curing a Rattlesnake Bite*

The Russian Artist Vereshtchagin Shows How Members of the Sect of Flagellants Torture Themselves With Scores of Implements, Controlling What Would Be Intolerable Pain by Mental Exaltation.

"Sister Smothers," a Tennessee Evangelist, Who Let a Rattlesnake Bite Her and Then Refused Medical Aid. It Is Now Believed That Her Faith Helped Her to Recover More Quickly and More Fully.



The Chinese Actress, Miss Yuen Ling-Yu, Who Committed Suicide for Reasons Best Known to Herself, but Whose Death Started a Wave of Mass Hysteria in Which Scores of Other Young Girls Destroyed Themselves for no Reason at All.

The Famous Theresa Neumann, on Whose Face and Hands Appeared at Times Marks Resembling Those of the Crucifixion, but Which Science Ascribes to Influence of Her Mind.

This X-ray Picture of a Case of Arthritis Shows How This Disease May Swell the Knuckles and Lock Them in an Immovable Position. Even This May Be Brought About by the Mind, Through a Habit of Clenching the Fists in Hatred or Rage—as Shown in the Photograph Above.

A Victim of Arthritis, With Swollen Joints in Hands, Knees and Feet. Even These Swellings Have Been Duplicated by Unconscious Effects of a Disordered Mind.

EVERYBODY knows that the mind can influence the body. An unpleasant sight or a disgusting story may seriously upset the stomach. Fear or worry can interfere with sleep and cause extreme fatigue. Excitement makes the heart beat faster, the breath come more quickly.

But not many people know that aches and pains and disease can be brought on by a person's thoughts, just as definitely as a leg or an arm can be broken in an automobile accident. If an unpleasant thought or sight can bring a blush to the cheeks, why couldn't thoughts bring other disturbances to the skin? In fact, it has been proved that they do.

A recent investigation in London proved that drivers and conductors of busses on the city streets suffer from stomach trouble more often and more severely than do motormen or conductors on the electric tramways. No one knows just why, but one plausible theory is that the busmen are more disturbed in their minds by the continual minor accidents and dangers of traffic. If this were so, there may be many nervous motorists in all cities who owe their stomach troubles, if they only knew it, to driving in crowded traffic or frequent arguments with traffic cops.

A new development in Vienna is a clinic for treating stage-fright, the terrifying paralysis of muscles and will which afflicts so many actors and actresses before every performance. The method of the clinic is not gland injections to combat fear or exercises to keep the muscles from trembling, but is merely hypnotism.

In one recent investigation it was proved that the ability of white blood corpuscles to fight germs is affected by mental influence. In another, the kind of colored light seen by the eye proved to have influence on a wry neck. Noises have been proved to make arms and legs shrink and swell. Doctors have traced the serious heart trouble called angina pectoris to imaginary causes. Even warts have been cured by mental suggestion.

What loosely is called faith healing is as old as human history, perhaps far older. In one recent spectacular instance a preacher bitten by a snake refused medical aid, treated himself by faith and recovered. "Sister Smothers," a Tennessee evangelist, also refused medical aid after a rattlesnake had bitten her, but suffered little ill effects. Skeptics point out that most people recover from snakebite, anyway, whether or not they are treated with anything at all. Yet there can be little doubt that the snakebitten preachers did recover more quickly and perhaps more fully because of their faith, just as the flagellants and other self-torturers withstood the pain.

On the other hand, everyone is acquainted with individuals who make themselves sick by thinking about it. Even death can be caused in this way. Instances of people frightened to death are not unknown. In primitive countries, such as Africa or South America, native "magic" does result in deaths of individuals who believe in this magic. No definite case of death can be discovered, yet death occurs.

Similar purely mental suggestions are believed to explain the many instances of sudden illness due to "mass hysteria," even the cases of mass suicide by suggestion, like those reported in Japan and China.

Ages ago, the doctors and priests attached to temples in ancient Egypt and Greece, apparently practiced mental treatments of much this kind and with considerable success. It is worth noting, however, that these ancient doctors never believed that everything could be done by mental influence. So far from rejecting other types of medicine or surgery and requiring their patients to depend exclusively on the mind, these ancient worthies made the best use they could of what drugs, surgical procedures and other things they knew. Mental treatment held its proper place as one of the ways of curing sick people, not as the only way.

Until recently modern doctors have been inclined to go to the other extreme and reject mental influence altogether. Now they are being brought back to the belief of their ancient colleagues, not by argument but by the pressure of discovered facts. One clear example is the influence of the mind over resistance to germs. No one imagines that rabbits are particularly imaginative or likely to be unduly influenced by faith-cure ideas, yet it is on laboratory rabbits that Russian followers of the famous psychologist, the late Dr. Ivan Pavlov, have proved this mental influence over blood corpuscles.

Whenever germs invade the body of any animal one thing that happens automatically is an increase of the white corpuscles in the animal's blood. The duty of these corpuscles is to swallow the invading germs, one by one, and kill them. It usually is imagined that some chemical signal set free by the germs into the blood is what notifies the white-corpuscle police that they should assemble at the point of germ invasion and get ready to repel it. No one has believed that this apparently automatic collection of the corpuscles was influenced in any way by the invaded animal's mind.

In human beings, for example, any germ invasion of the skin, such as one which might result in a carbuncle or boil, instantly causes the collection of millions of the white corpuscles. It is the bodies of these corpuscles which form the yellowish matter which collects under these circumstances. No one ever has suspected that the state of mind of the victim of a boil or carbuncle had anything to do with the infection or with the ability of the white corpuscles to repel it. Yet it now seems that this may very well be true.

What the Russian experimenters did was to give to rabbits hypodermic injections of germ extracts, known to act just as living germs would do in stimulating the production of white corpuscles. This effect was ascribed, of course, to some chemical material in the germ extract, just as in the germs. The Russian experiments included, however, a new procedure. At the instant when the hypodermic injection of germ extract was made, some of the rabbits had their ears scratched vigorously by the experimenter. Other rabbits were startled at the instant of the injection by the sound of a loud horn. This was kept up for a number of days, until the rabbits' minds became accustomed to the double stimulus occurring at the same time; one stimulus being the hypodermic injection of germ extract, the other being the scratch on the ear or the sound of the horn. In the technical language of psychology, the rabbits were "conditioned" to the occurrence of these two stimuli together.

The next step was to leave out the injection of germ extract, but to give the rabbits one of the other two stimuli, the ear-scratch or the horn-blast. The remarkable thing is that tests then showed the white corpuscles in the rabbits' blood to increase just the same as a result of the mental stimuli alone as they would have done had the germ injection also been given.

The only possible way to explain this is to conclude that the rabbit's brain is able to order the discharge of more white corpuscles into the blood, all by itself. No chemical stimulus is required. Probably the voluntary part of the rabbits' minds had nothing to do with this, but some part of the mind acted just the same. It must be concluded that even so lowly a creature as the rabbit uses its mind for germ-fighting purposes.

That human beings similarly can control the movement of blood and similar matters by even unconscious mental stimuli is proved by many instances of bleeding or other so-called stigmata, like that of the famous Theresa Neumann, which science says is due to hysteria.

The recent work on relieving wry necks with light of different colors was done on human beings and reported to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, France, by MM. Georges Bourguignon and Marcel Monnier. Some instances of permanently bent or twisted necks are due to actual deformities of the spine. No one has proved, as yet, that mental influences have anything to do with these. Other wry-neck cases are blamed not on anything wrong with the bones but on permanent nervous spasms of the muscles of the neck.

The two French investigators had patients suffering from this kind of neck twist wear green eyeglasses, later red eyeglasses. With the green glasses the neck spasm was considerably relieved. Red eyeglasses made it worse. Not content with merely studying the appearance of their patients, the investigators then made a series of electric tests of the nerves controlling the neck muscles. Again, the wearing of green glasses improved the nervous condition while wearing red eyeglasses made it worse.

Unfortunately for its use as an actual cure of wry-neck maladies, the effect of green light or green eyeglasses was found to pass off after a time. The victims' minds evidently became used to the new green tint of the world and this tint lost its powerful mental effect.

The effects of fear and worry on facial beauty are of course familiar to everyone. Their influence on the heart and other organs leaves the microbes free to peck away like little imps until they make the eyes red and watery, the skin flabby and sagging and wrinkled by the lines of care.

Mind influences are blamed by Dr. Alison Glover of the British Ministry of Health, for cases of one of the most distressing and commonest of modern maladies, the stiffening of joints called arthritis. Dr. Glover does not suggest that arthritis is always a purely imaginary disease. He does point out that mental influences in this disease may be extremely important. This is proved by statistical relationships between the existence of arthritis and the existence of various normal or abnormal mental conditions.

There even are on record cases in which conditions similar to arthritis turn out to be entirely imaginary, such as one case recently described by the distinguished New York City physician and psychologist, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe. The victim in this case was a person consumed by hatred which he was unable to relieve. Accordingly his muscles became clenched and knotted as though he were going to attack the victim of his hatred, although the attack never materialized. In time this continual clenching had permanent effects, so that it became virtually impossible for the muscles or joints to relax.

Equally remarkable, but on the curative side of the ledger, are two cases reported three years ago by Sir Harry Gray, a distinguished surgeon of Montreal, Canada. Both of the patients suffered from cancer. It was not expected that either patient could be saved for long even by surgery. Nevertheless, Sir Harry observed in both instances what doctors call a remission of the cancer, as the result of an improved, more hopeful mental attitude. The mental improvement apparently caused the cancers to stop growing, in one case for nearly two years.

Again, the effect was not permanent. After a time, the inevitable growth of the cancer began again and went on until the patient died. The remarkable fact is, however, that the growth of a purely abnormal tissue, actually foreign to the body, could be controlled even temporarily by a purely mental effect.

As other unmistakable scientific investigations such as those described in the preceding paragraphs are made and come to medical attention, it is probable that the duty of the doctor to look after the patient's mind, as well as after the body or the germs which happen to be invading it, will be recognized more and more as an important one. It would be however, contrary to the scientific facts for anyone to conclude that mental effects alone control illness or can bring about good health. Both the germ which has entered the body and the mental condition which helps the white corpuscles to fight it must be taken into account in medical theory and in practical healing.

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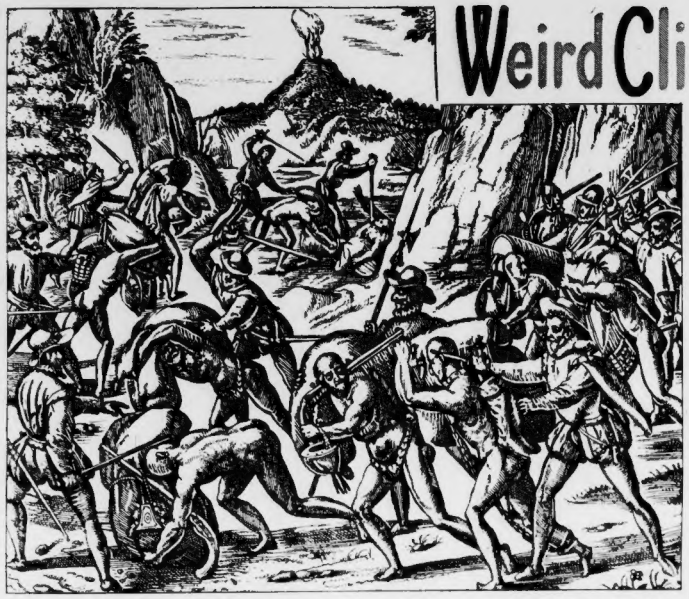
# Weird Climax to Panama's Lost

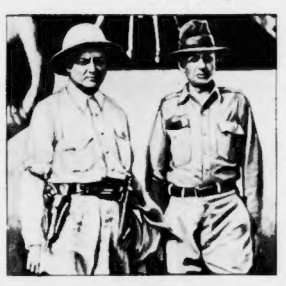
## *No Stranger Story in Fiction Country" Whose White Men by the in Gold Bars Among "Suicide" of the Man and Their Vanishing*



*Sixteenth Century Print Showing Spaniards Beating and Mutilating Indians Carrying Bags of Gold and Gold Dust to Their Ships, a Part of the Inhuman Treatment Which at Last Caused the Natives to Revolt and Wipe Out Their Persecutors and Forbid the Mines to White Men.*

Curious Statuette of the Little God of the San Blas Indians Which Is Sent as a Warning to Any Invading White Prospectors to Leave Their Country at Once or Suffer Death.

A Hut of the Kuna Indians of Panama on the Outskirts of the "Closed Country."



Former Governor Teran and Former Chief of Police Sagel, to Whom Van Steck Told His Astonishing Story of Treasure, Who Believed It, and Were Removed From Office for Making Public the Discovery "Without Confirmation."

PANAMA CITY.

"EVEN the man's grave has vanished too."

Out of the forbidden jungle of Chiriqui Province and confirmed by the Panama Government, comes this final word, a fitting climax to the weirdest treasure mystery of modern times.

From that jungle, where for the last 400 years the Indians have threatened to kill every white man who finds gold, stumbled Gaston Joannes Van Steck, veteran Belgian prospector, with a story that made people's hearts beat with envy the world over, as only the finding of huge treasure can.

This luckiest prospector ever heard of had literally fallen into a gold mine, a lost one that probably had been worked long before the days of Columbus. But this was a mine such as never was dreamed of, even in fairy tales. Van Steck did not need to hunt for a yellow seam in the rock from which the precious metal might be blasted. This had already been done for him.

Someone had already mined and melted into bars each as heavy as a man could comfortably carry on his back, $3,000,000 of gold bullion and stamped it with the ancient insignia of the Spanish Crown. Beside them, covered with the dust of the centuries, lay rusty suits of Spanish armor and Toledo swords.

Whether or not this was the fabulously rich lost "La Estrella"—in the "mother lode" from which the Conquistadors filled their Spanish galleons with gold—the dazzled man had only to carry off these bars to be a rich man.

The neighboring Republic of Costa Rica took hurried steps to see if the mine and its treasure were on their territory and even wartorn Spain became curious. Spain's insignia was on the gold, so perhaps it had a claim.

And when Van Steck eagerly led the Governor of the Province and its Chief of Police to the scene, there was the hole through which he had tumbled to fortune. But, as he entered, followed slowly by one of the police guards, a shot rang out in the darkness of the ancient mine gallery.

The police searched but every vestige of gold and armor had vanished. Van Steck was picked up with a bullet hole in his head, gone where the streets are said to be paved with gold.

### *Even the Body Was Gone.*

The Governor and the police called it suicide and buried the body. Perhaps the prospector could not stand the shock of finding that someone had removed his treasure. Perhaps the man was demented and it was only a hoax. But all sorts of sinister and mysterious complications confronted their account. The Governor and Chief of Police were summarily dismissed from office and another expedition sent to bring back the body for a proper autopsy and an expert examination of that bullet hole.

Then came the final report. Even Van Steck's grave had vanished—at least the police who had buried him could find no sign of it.

A body could easily have been stolen, flesh and even bones quickly disappear in that lime-starved jungle earth. But the grave, the place where the virgin soil had been so recently disturbed, how could all trace of that disappear in those few days? Yet, the official report of the Government said that it could not be found.

As the back drop of this mystery tragedy stand the Santa Maria Mountains on the Costa Rican frontier and the scene is laid on the edge of the Panama jungle where, since the days of Columbus, the hunt for gold has never ceased. For 400 years a curse has been laid on that hidden gold, not merely in the form of ghostly vengeance but the very real flesh-and-blood threat of the natives to kill every man who finds it. They believe that if the greedy white man locates their gold he will slaughter and enslave them as the first white men did.

For a while they used to kill every white prospector on sight, but the punitive expeditions which this policy caused were so unpleasant that, in Chiriqui at least, they compromised by stalking the strangers, but not molesting them as long as they found nothing except an occasional nugget in a stream bed, washed down from one of those tantalizing hidden mother lodes, Nature's great treasure chests, locked up somewhere in the mountains.

But let a man find a real mine and the penalty was death. These have been found many times but in the forbidden territory, never has the finder lived long enough to cash in on his luck.

Van Steck had been cruising the jungle and the mountains so many years without finding anything, that apparently the natives had become careless in watching him. They did not understand that the grizzled Belgian was one of those all-or-nothing characters. He was not looking for a mine but the mine of all mines, La Estrella (The Star). This is the name of the legendary mine, supposed to be in the very heart of the greatest of the mother lodes and it has been a star of false hope to prospectors for four centuries.

Last July Van Steck's seemingly aimless but in reality carefully planned prowlings brought him to signs of three mines which appeared not to have been worked for hundreds of years and hopefully he began to stake out three claims, any one of which might be the "Star" that had led him, an almost penniless and often grub-staked prospector, through the jungle, all those years.

### *Dropped Into the Treasure.*

As he drove one of his stakes, the ground gave back a hollow sound and finally his stake dropped through and out of sight. The next thing he knew the earth caved in under his feet, dropping him into a shallow tunnel. There is an old expression for a lucky man, that he fell into a gold mine. This prospector's experienced eye told him that he had done this very thing. But was this the fabulous Estrella or just a worked-out hole in the ground, such as any fool could fall into?

Shoving down the button of his flashlight, Van Steck picked his way along the uneven gallery floor a few yards until he was stopped by an unexpected sight, a neat pile of eighty oblong blocks, all stacked in rows of ten each. They were greyish-white on top, but now he saw that the sides and edges had that dull, yellow gleam that makes an old prospector choke and his heart pump.

Lovingly he stroked the grey dust of ages from one of the bars and on its reddish-yellow surface found an imprint he had never seen before but which now imprinted itself on his memory to remain to his dying day—an event so close that he should almost have felt its cold shadow. Every single one of all the 80 bars he weighed in his hands and he estimated, probably with considerable accuracy, that the total was worth close to $3,000,000. It was gold, pure gold, melted-up nugget gold, fit for a mint.

Not until his eyes, hands and even his teeth had told him all they could about the 80 ingots, did he become conscious of some objects that gave a metallic sound as his feet carelessly kicked them around. Sitting down on three million dollars worth of pure gold, he concentrated on these other things because anything connected with such a splendid find was worthy of treasuring in his memory.

They proved to be several badly-rusted helmets and cuirasses such as he knew the Conquistadors had worn. On a couple of half-disintegrated sword blades he found a mark which he memorized as carefully as he always did the features of a landscape, when he wished to find his way back again. This mark was later identified as the manufacturer's mark of a proud, old swordmaker in ancient Toledo, Spain.

It was the armor and bones of the Conquistadors and their gold. Cruel, murderous, treacherous, so history said, and he doubted if he would like to have gone partners with any of them. Still they must have been smart and brave, even though the natives' arrows bounced harmlessly from their iron clothes, for a handful of them to have conquered whole nations and above all he took off his hat to the ones who found that mine. But why had they stacked all that gold in it and where were their bones?

Suddenly he remembered that he had better do something about his own bones. If his discovery meant the reopening of La Estrella, it would bring, not slavery but such high wages as these natives had never thought of and general prosperity, yet they would certainly kill him for it, if they knew. He must get back to civilization before they suspected, for he was alone and had no iron shirt.

Carefully drawing creepers across the hole, he hastened to David, the nearest civilized town of any size and registered his claim with the Mayor. In order not to cause too much excitement and bring upon him the very thing that perhaps happened, he reduced the estimate of the bullion to only one million dollars instead of three. But such were the imagination-stirring circumstances of the discovery that even this was more than enough to send the story flashing to every corner of the earth and, at the same time, the news spread by word of mouth through the jungle.

There was no difficulty in obtaining all the protection and assistance needed for getting out that gold. According to the law, the Government of Panama was entitled to half the treasure, though Van Steck had risked the best years of his life to find it.

The Government acted with promptness, sending two officials by airplane to David. Governor Oscar Teran of the Province had gone ahead with the prospector, Chief of Police Nicolas Sagel and a strong police guard, all riding on horseback to El Volcan, a point seven miles from the mine. The rest of the way they had to proceed on foot cutting a path with machetes, through the jungle. There was twenty-four hours of silence, then the first of a series of things happened too fantastic for fiction and which only a human being in real life would perpetrate.

From El Volcan the Governor and the Chief each sent a message intimating that the treasure had been found. The thrilled world now learned that instead of 35 bars worth a million dollars, it was really 80 worth three million. There were also such businesslike details as orders for four trucks and an airplane to hold themselves in readiness.

This was followed by the most extraordinary of let-downs and anticlimaxes for the little Republic of Panama which was already planning how it would spend its share of the windfall and for readers all over the world. A dazed looking policeman came out of the jungle at El Volcan with a message that it was all a mistake. No treasure, armor nor anything else had been found. Van Steck had just gone into the mine and committed suicide!

### *The Story the Guards Told.*

An angry President and people confronted the Governor and Chief when the party returned to civilization and they had to face a secret investigation. Much of the testimony is still secret but a general idea was given out. First of all, everyone wanted to know why those false messages had been sent.

Well, Van Steck had described his visit to the mine so vividly and convincingly and seemed so honest that they hadn't a doubt in the world that they would find the treasure just as he said, so they could not resist announcing the find, as they were leaving the last radio station, even if it was a bit premature.

As for the rest of it, when the weary party reached the spot they were alarmed to find the vicinity alive with Indians, presumably from the nearest native settlement of Piedra Candela. There must have been thousands of them, though nobody had seen more than 100 faces at one time. But the jungle was arustle with them and one seemed to be behind every tree and rock. They made no hostile move yet the cold hate in their eyes had been most disconcerting because the party knew it must thread its way back through that jungle, seven miles of unbroken ambush.

On the trip down someone had reminded them of the tradition that just before the last of the Conquistadors were driven out, a large mule caravan, weighed down with gold, had been ambushed on its way from "La Estrella," the bearded white men had been killed by sheer weight of numbers and their magic armor together with the treasure hidden somewhere.

In all probability this must be that same treasure and now, looking at those baleful faces, the party had an uncomfortable feeling that history was about to repeat itself.

However, in spite of qualms, they had started to attend to their business. Van Steck, saying that the creepers over the hole seemed not to have been disturbed, pushed them aside with his machete and entered. As the first of the guards was letting his legs down to follow, there came that mysterious shot reverberating sepulchrally in the mine gallery.

Fearing an ambush there had been a delay before the others followed. They had then somewhat hastily explored the tunnel for some distance in both directions, but had found absolutely nothing except the prospector, unconscious and dying from a bullet wound in the head. They had started to carry him to El Volcan, but when he died it seemed better to bury him, and they had done so. It was very hot.

Many pertinent questions remained unanswered or received contradictory and unsatisfactory replies. Some said the wound was in the left side of Van Steck's head, and toward the back—an awkward place for any man to shoot himself. His pistol was supposed to have been found beside him, with one cartridge exploded, but it was a .22-calibre and some thought the bullet hole was too big for anything smaller than a .45.

Did they find the footprints of many men in the dust of the gallery floor, indicating that the bars had been carried away, and was there a dust-free spot where the treasure had stood through the centuries? Alas, they had been too fearful of ambush to notice these little things. The unfortunate Van Steck suffered from dysentery and must have been unbalanced—which would account for everything.

But it did not account for everything. If the man was out of his head, why had two responsible officials believed him enough to radio that the treasure was there before they had seen it? Did they also have dysentery? Everyone who knew Van Steck said that the Belgian was a hard-headed, well-balanced man, with no delusions. It was brought out that while the expedition was getting ready, Van Steck had borrowed $2,000 and given it to a lawyer with careful instructions for using it to protect his legal rights in both the mine and the treasure. As a further precaution he was paying a photographer with the expedition $10 a day to take pictures showing how everything was found in case of future litigation. Such foresightedness was hardly the work of a lunatic and the man had nothing to gain by a hoax.

President Juan Demostenes Arosemena summarily dismissed the Governor and his Police Chief and sent another expedition to the mine, including the same guards, but new leaders with instructions to inspect that gallery more carefully for footprints, etc., and especially to bring back the body of Van Steck for an autopsy.

It is said that the second expedition could make nothing of the gallery floor because its dust had been trodden down everywhere, as if by an army of feet. No doubt by that time all those thousands of natives to whom the police had revealed the entrance had traversed the tunnel.

That is reasonable, but the people of the cities and other civilized districts of the little republic around the great canal cannot understand that vanished grave. The police guards who buried Van Steck led the party confidently to the spot where they said they had buried him but neither they nor anyone else could find the slightest trace that the earth had ever been disturbed. The place seems one that could hardly be mistaken for any other on the trail, yet there was beyond doubt no grave there. It seemed preposterous, yet no more so than their chief's message about the treasure.

If Van Steck's suicide is as absurd as it seems, what did happen to him? Nobody pretends that it was accident, therefore the only alternative is murder. That most of the local Indians would have killed him as a patriotic duty is hardly to be doubted. The news had spread to them in plenty of time for removal of the gold and armor and to have stationed an assassin in the mine. The fact that the police found the place alive with inimical spectators argues that the natives knew the white men's destination.

If not an Indian, the shooter must have been a white man and a rival prospector, because nobody else would have any excuse for ranging that forbidding wilderness. Such a man might have spotted the hole but without help and the knowledge of some other entrance would have had a hard time getting the bars and armor out, and certainly would have made so many footprints to the hole that they would have been noticed at the first glance. Had he asked help from the natives they would have murdered him.

There was time enough, after the news was broadcast for a party of quick and determined men, such as treasure inspires to action, to have made the trip from El Volcan or David and taken away the gold and armor. To prevent investigation one might have shot Van Steck in such a way that it would look like suicide and give the thing the semblance of a hoax. But the Belgian prospector's only map was in his head, making it impossible for anyone to find the mine without him.

All in all, the least impossible explanation would be, that it was a native killing, but for one thing. Any big event known generally to the jungle Indians soon reaches their civilized

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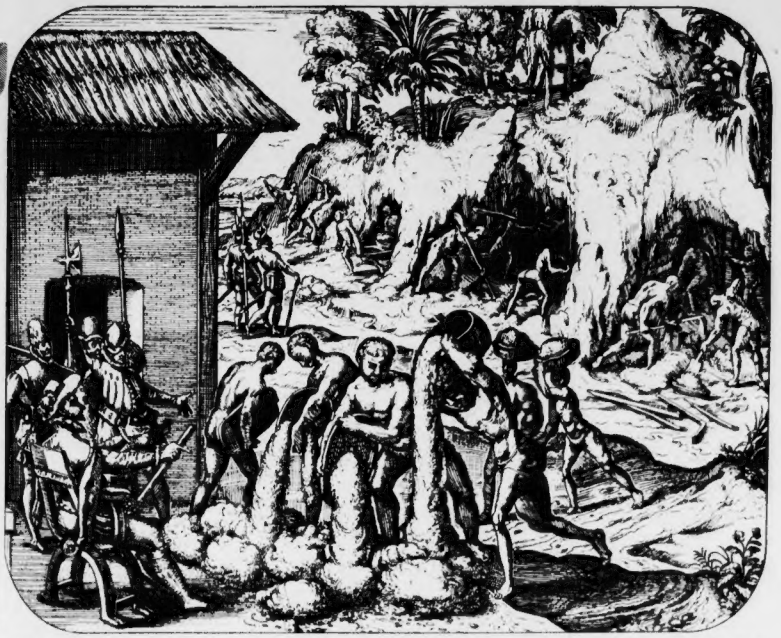
# Spanish Gold Mystery

## *Than This of "The Closed Treasures Are Barred From Indians, the $3,000,000 the Ancient Armor, the Who Said He Found Them Together With His Body*



*Old 17th Century Print Showing Panama Indians Working as Slaves for the Conquering Spaniards and Pouring Buckets of Gold Dust at Their Feet. It Was the Cruelty of the Old Conquistadors to the Natives That Clouded the Rich Panama Mines and Have Kept Them Closed for Centuries.*

relatives working as servants in the cities. These are queer, garbled tales, with names and all other facts useful as evidence, left out, but the story, such as it is, always arrives. This time, however, even at El Volcan, only seven miles away, the natives say:

"Quien sabe?" ("Who knows?")

Nevertheless, somebody knows, but will the explanation of this weirdest of modern treasure mysteries die with him? If white men have stolen that gold and fate follows its course, unbroken for four centuries, they will not live to enjoy a dollar of it.

No conjuring up of ghosts is necessary to explain the part that the Indians have in making the "Curse of the Mines" effective. They are an alert, active, human agency for it. Four centuries ago, through torture and enslavement, they learned so well to fear and hate the gold-seeker that today any but Indians are forbidden access to two of the regions of Panama richest in minerals, those places where the Kuno and the Tabasara tribes dwell.

Ancient Wood Engraving Depicting Despairing Panamanian Natives Killing Themselves and Their Children Because of the Tortures Inflicted Upon Them by the Gold-Crazy Spaniards.

The Spaniards came first to the land where the progenitors of today's Tabasaras lived, along the coast of western and central Panama. The Indians thought these white-skinned men in their wondrous ships were messengers of the bright-faced sun god, if not gods themselves. At first they were obeyed willingly. Then their cruelties turned the Indians against the visitors who they could no longer believe came from Heaven.

Unable to make successful war against the Spaniards on the plains, the Indians could and did retreat to the natural fortresses of the mountains. There they defended themselves from the invaders, and that land they still keep closed to all but themselves. Meanwhile, tribal laws were passed against the root of all the evil which had befallen them.

No gold ornaments might be worn, though silver was permitted, and no gold might be mined, either by an Indian or anyone else. More than four hundred years later these laws are still enforced.

Meanwhile, the Kunos, seeing what happened to their neighbors, made ready before the Spaniards arrived in force. In the Serrania del Darien range they established what is still "The Closed Country," nearly 100 miles long and about half as broad, in Panama province, to the east of the Canal Zone.

### *Death in "The Closed Country."*

Both streams carry down traces of gold beyond the limits of the Indian region, and once a year the Kunos send a present to the President of the Republic of Panama—a bag of gold dust. But except for the water-borne dust and the annual gift, no gold leaves the "Closed Country," where the Indians have a saying which is more than mere words: "Let not the sun go down upon the stranger in these limits."

A man who is believed to have found the lost "Padre Mine" some time around 1924 faced a double curse, if the "Curse of the Mines" is on that as it is on all the others.

The Padre, somewhere in the coastal mountains of Veraguas province, is named for the monk who discovered it. Old records tell how "in thankfulness for the mercy of God in preserving and delivering him from the fierce animals and serpents and the many evils that pervaded the jungle," he dedicated his discovery to the Church at Rome.

For six years it was worked, and poured forth such wealth that "as rich as the Padre" became an adage. Priests who made the long journey to the New World were sure to visit it. It was in October, one of the rainy months, that such a party arrived, a bishop and four other members of the clergy. The discoverer monk showed them through the workings.

While they were in the tunnels, a landslide from the top of the precipitous mountain at the base of which the entrance was, closed it. It was too completely covered to be opened in time to bring out alive the priests or the several clothed Indian workmen who were within at the time. When word of the calamity reached Rome, the story is that the Pope himself proclaimed the mine accursed, and forbade any attempt to reopen it. Quick tropic growth healed the scar on the mountainside, and the site was avoided and forgotten.

Thus the "Padre" became another lost mine.

Twenty years ago, four youths from the little village of Culebra entered the "Closed Country" and found groves of wild rubber trees. Busy at their work, they looked up to find themselves surrounded by Kunos. How did they dare to be there, they were asked. They avowed their complete lack of interest in gold or other metal, and further pleaded ignorance of having crossed the boundaries. Two Indians stayed to guard the youths, and the others held a conference a short distance away. The leader finally returned, told them that he did not believe that they had not known their offense, but that they would this time be permitted to go, provided they would never re-enter the "Closed Country."

They fled, not bothering even to gather up their tools. The Indians followed them to the borders of their territory at Cativo.

The next year the four loaded a boat with supplies, and said that they were going after rubber along the Uni River, which is not forbidden. There were rumors, however, that they had gone back toward the Kuno land. Weeks later a messenger came to the Mayor of Culebra.

"Senor," he said, "a man came down from the Closed Country to El Llano this morning and asked me to bring you this package. He had to return at once, he said, and had not time to deliver it in person."

The package was wrapped in the leaf of a wild banana. When the fibre string which held this on was cut, a small wooden box was revealed, hollowed from a block of Spanish cedar. The top was held fast by nails made from slivers of black palm wood. The Mayor forced it open, and stood staring at four blackened, dried human left thumbs.

The Kunos of late have added firearms to their weapons, but even today their war arrows of black palm wood, tipped with balsa slivers dipped in a poison made from the venom of coral snakes, would be sufficient to keep out invaders of less force than an army.

Besides La Estrella and the Padre mine, there are the El Gallo Mine at Las Minas, the town named for the workings, the silver-producing Cerro la Plata, the Tucingal Mine, supposed to be not far from La Estrella, and another rich silver mine named the Piedra del Sol. This means "the rock of the sun," and it was near an immense boulder bearing crude carvings of suns which were worshipped by the forebears of the Indians whom the Spanish found. All these and many more, the very names of which are lost, exist today, but only in legend and remembrance so far as white men know. The Indians can guide a man to the mines, but they will not, under ancient tribal law.

Kuno Women of the Isthmus's "Closed Country" in Which Even the Natives Are Forbidden by Tribal Law to Mine or Wear the "Cursed" Gold for Which the Spaniards Enslaved Them—but the Women Are Allowed to Wear Silver and the Photograph Shows One Admiring the Necklace of Another.

*Another Old Engraving Showing the Indian Slaves Mining Ore and Nuggets Within One of the Lost Mines.*

John Benton, a California prospector, stumbled into the camp of Col. Lionel Smith one night, wounded and half-dead. He said that he had seen the lost La Estrella.

He and George Hines, his partner, had befriended a Tabasara Indian youth far from home on the Atrato River, and as they panned gold there the Indian had said:

"Senors, if you think this is gold, you should see what I have in my home mountains. In half an hour there one man could get more gold than three in a week here."

"My father is a chief," he continued when they urged him, "and two years ago, before I left home, I was taken a long journey from our village to a great gulch over which passes a bridge with stone towers. The road over the bridge led to a very rich gold mine. The early Spaniards worked it, enslaving the people of my father's fathers. So greatly did they suffer that they rose up and killed the Spaniards, and because only over the bridge could the mine be reached, the soldiers who were sent could not recapture the mine. I was permitted to see the gold, and touch it, but could take none on pain of death."

Hines and Benton urged the youth, who finally consented, to take them to his father. Even that chief did not have power to grant their request only to see the mine, though they had done favors for his son which he was anxious to repay. He called a council, however, and after a long debate, this plan was proposed:

The Americans must leave their weapons, and were to make the long trip blindfolded. They were to have a day to inspect the mine, and could take their prospecting kits. They must promise to take no gold away, and never to try to go to the mine again. They accepted this, since it was the best they could have.

For two days they followed rough, winding trails over mountains, each with his eyes tightly bandaged, guided by two Indians, one behind and one ahead, with a bamboo pole over their shoulders. Clinging to this pole, the man between kept on the trail and did not fall when he stumbled. They traveled for two full days before reaching the mine, entered over a stone bridge which was like a picture out of old Europe, on a mesa close to the top of one of the highest peaks in the divide.

The Indians reminded them of their promise, and stood by the bridge while Hines and Benton looked at the face of the cliff above the entrance to the mine, now half-blocked by fallen rock. A glittering vein crossed the rock above, and when the prospectors hacked at a likely spot they brought out quartz which Benton said was the richest that he had ever seen in years of seeking and judging mines. Then they came to a pocket-full of nuggets of pure gold. The Indians were not watching closely, and the two were able to stuff some into money belts which they had emptied and strapped around their waists with just such a hope.

They tried to get away with it, slipping away from the Indians down the side of a ravine. But the Indians were watching.

"We hadn't gone fifty feet," said Benton, "when I heard a hiss and something hit beside me. I looked up. As the dump got broader toward the base, it came out from under the overhang of the mountain. The Indians were on a ledge near the top, and they were shooting arrows at us. They were nearly 300 feet away, but they were shooting down, and that gave the arrows force.

"George and I tried to hurry, but we couldn't. It was better to risk an arrow than to take a fall which meant sure death. We had to go the way human flies go down the side of a building, with the Indians firing at us all the time. Finally I felt a thump on my back and a pain. An arrow had hit me. I tried to keep my head down, and went on. Another hit, and then others. I lost count.

"The Indians were using hunting arrows, which aren't poison-tipped. If they'd been war arrows, we'd both have been dead.

"We got to the bottom at last, and ran into the shelter of a grove. Four arrows were still hanging in my back, and George pulled them out. Only three arrows had hit George, but two were deep in his shoulder muscles, and the third at the base of his neck. As I took that out, the blood followed in a heavy stream.

"He died right there on the spot. I must have lost my head, because I ran, and I don't know just what happened for days after, until I stumbled into your camp here."

Benton had arrived in a state of collapse in Colonel Smith's camp on the Cobre river. It had been days before he could speak to tell his story. A fiery pattern of wounds on his back bore out the tale he told. More than that, there was a money belt around his waist, and when Colonel Smith looked in it for some identification, he found none, but did discover it full of nuggets of gold.

Benton lived, which was more than any others have done who stumbled upon the hidden mines in the "Closed Country."

When, if ever, it becomes known just what did happen to Van Steck, the latest, there will without doubt be a strange story to tell.

Meantime, Colonel Smith had his military duties. They planned to make an attempt to rediscover the lost La Estrella as soon as the war was ended. It soon was, with victory for the side on which Colonel Smith fought. But in the decisive battle, Benton, who had insisted on joining in the military adventures of his friend, was fatally wounded.

He died, as have other men who have found the cursed mines, soon after the discovery, without telling his secret to any other.

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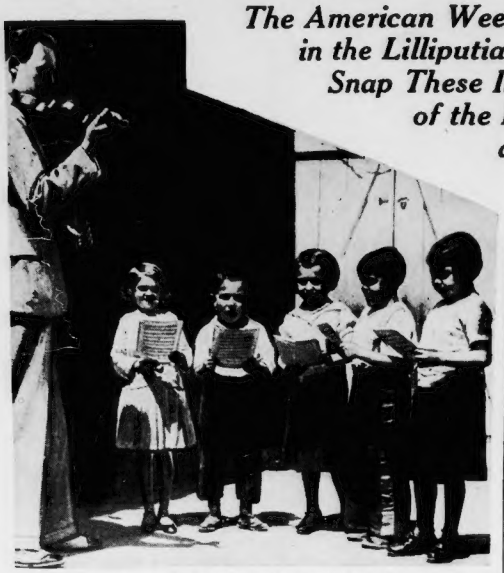
# Midgets Who Run Their Own Little Midget Theatre

## *The American Weekly's Cameraman Goes Backstage in the Lilliputian Playhouse in Budapest to Snap These Interesting Photographs of the Diminutive Actors and Actresses*



Every Day the Midgets Have Music Lessons, and Here the Dwarf Quintet Is Practicing a New Number.

This Pint-Sized Dance Team Barely Comes Up to the Window-Sill, but the Little People Perform the Same Intricate Steps That Normal-Sized Spanish Dancers Go Through.

The Acrobats Are One of the Most Popular Features of the Show, and Here Four of the Little Tumblers Perform for the Camera While a Normal-Sized Man Looks On.

BUDAPEST

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY'S cameraman went backstage at one of the strangest and most popular theatres in the world, the Lilliput Theatre, in Budapest, to get these interesting photographs of the midget actors and actresses, who own and manage the theatre and take every part except one in their own productions and orchestra.

The single full-grown man in the cast, a lone Gulliver in Lilliput, is the piano player. And that is not because they want him, but because the little hands of the midgets won't stretch far enough to successfully play a standard keyboard piano, and miniature pianos, more suited to the size of the little players, have a tin-can tone.

"Backstage" is a term that has a fascination for anyone who ever watched a theatrical performance from in front of the footlights, but a peep behind the scenes of the only midget theatre in the world is especially interesting because the diminutive artists who are members of the company form a community whose entire life centers around their theatre. The greater part of their time is spent behind the scenes and in the green room of their little stage, yet quarrels and intrigues as frequent backstage in full-sized theatres, rarely occur.

The permanent midget theatrical company, operating season after season in Budapest, is one of the most popular features of the city's largest amusement park. The unique venture is organized, managed, administered, directed and financed by a corporation of dwarfs, the performers themselves, on a co-operative basis. The little people took the theatre in hand a few years ago after a troupe of normal-sized actors had failed to make a financial success of it. Ever since it has been a money-making proposition, managed by a board of four dwarf directors, elected annually from among the cast of actors, actresses, musicians, stage hands and technicians.

The Piano Player Is the Only Normal-Sized Person Needed in the Entire Operation of the Lilliputian Theatre, as the Tiny Hands of the Midgets Will Not Stretch Far Enough to Play a Standard-Sized Piano and Miniature Instruments Do Not Have a Good Tone.

Backstage in the Chorus Dressing Room the Little People With Their Strangely Child-Like Faces Make Up in Preparation for the Show.

The Midget Orchestra in the Only Lilliput Theatre in the World.

Fresh talent must be added to the theatre every year and the experienced members train the newcomers to take the parts of those veterans of the company who have been sufficiently fortunate to sign high salaried contracts in vaudeville theatres throughout the world.

The little people, who have strangely child-like faces for their adult years, have drafted a strict disciplinary code for their group, and violations of the code are met with severe punishments in the way of fines, or, if the violation is of sufficient importance, or a repeated one, the trouble-maker may be expelled from the organization. Perhaps it is the strict discipline under which they live that accounts for the few quarrels among a band of people who work together, play together and live together. Next door to the theatre is a house, especially fitted out, where all the members of the corporation live. Small chairs and davenports furnish the house, along with little tables, tiny dressers and diminutive beds. Ash trays and bric-a-brac that look as though they had been designed for a doll house are scattered around the rooms. At mealtime, the little people eat from little plates and tiny knives, forks and spoons.

Life behind the scenes of the Lilliput Theatre is a gay one. The midgets are a fun-loving group and spend much of their free time holding contests among themselves. The men participate in regularly staged boxing matches, and there are foot-races, potato-races, egg-races and similar "picnic" sports open to both men and women. Much time is devoted to keeping fit by means of strenuous exercise, and the midgets have a completely equipped gymnasium with little dumbbells, Indian clubs, medicine balls, parallel bars and similar exercising devices. Each day every member of the troupe, be he actor or stagehand, has a music lesson. Most of them have small but good voices, and a large number of them play one or more instruments well.

Most of the midgets are acrobats, and an acrobatic act is one of the high-spots of their show. The midget orchestra conveys in for its share of admiration, and the little choir is popular. In addition to acrobatics and music, the midgets have a couple of comedy teams, and they also perform short plays. Several members of the troupe are accomplished dramatic actors and actresses.

Budapest, for some reason, seems to have unusual appeal for midgets. Dwarfs from all parts of the world gathered in Budapest not long ago for the sessions of their first international convention. Several thousand midgets attended the convention which was called to air the grievances of the miniature men and women against a world that has been built for six-footers and without thought for the comfort of a midget.

"The whole world combines to make us pay full prices for half portions of everything from food to clothes," asserted Imre Papp, who stands two feet seven inches in height and is the head of the International Midgets' League. Papp said such treatment was unfair as midgets make exceptionally good citizens. Because his small stature makes the midget so conspicuous, he is always on his dignity and good behavior.

"Who ever heard of a drunken midget, or who ever saw a midget in jail?" Papp asked. "Yet for our shoes, shaves, shines, manicures, haircuts, permanent waves, laundry, dental and medical supplies we are charged as much as the full-grown citizen. The way we are swindled on clothing is a shame. Ordinary men and women take advantage of bargain sales where suits and coats and dresses may be had at alluring savings. But there are no bargain counters for midgets. We can't be properly fitted even by paying the highest ready-made prices. The salespeople usually suggest we try the children's departments. But midgets are diminutive adults not children, and so we must go to expensive tailors to clothe ourselves and pay more than a normal size adult for a suit only half as big."

The midgets who met at the convention found themselves so in accord with their problems that they issued the following statement:

"Our protest is against the things big people won't let us avoid. For instance, some people won't travel in the upper berths they have in sleeping cars in America because they consider it a hardship to climb up to and down from them. All beds are upper berths to us and when we let ourselves down from one in the morning it marks the beginning of an acrobatic day in which we have to fit ourselves to a giant-sized world as Gulliver did in Brobdingnag Land. There is the chiffonier with a mirror on top, far above our heads. We pull out the lower drawer a few inches, climb onto it and pull out the next drawer a little less, and so on up until we have a step-ladder that enables us to peep in the mirror to brush our hair with a brush a third as large as we are. Opening hotel windows and transoms are feats of skill accompanied by serious risk.

"It is the bathroom, however, that breaks our hearts. Think of the hazards. The washbowl designed for normal-sized people is just about the height of our eyes. Unless he drags a giant chair to it, the best a midget can do is clamber up onto the washbowl where he has a chance to get at the faucets and the soap dish. He must remember, though, to have the towel handy first because a stretch from the washbowl to the towel-rack is a trapeze performance. Balancing carefully on the slippery edge of the bowl the midget can open the medicine cabinet door and get out a razor that is far too big for comfort. The bathtub, shower bath controls, the toilet seat, the electric light switches and everything else are at inconvenient heights."

At the conclusion of the convention in Budapest, it was decided something had to be done to help the midgets, and readers of The American Weekly will recall an article printed in this magazine at the time which revealed plans for the establishment of a reservation or midget State in Hungary where no one but dwarfs would be allowed to live. They have chosen and purchased a 100-square-mile piece of fertile river land where they plan to organize a self-governing, self-supporting agricultural commonwealth that will be a real Lilliput Land just as Gulliver found. Everything will be built to scale suitable for the size of the inhabitants.

Julius Gont, one of the leaders of the International Midget League, himself only 40 inches tall, but one of the "biggest" business men in Budapest, where he owns the leading department store, is the chief backer of the project.

"The main idea in this movement," he told The American Weekly, "is to give midgets a chance to lead their own lives in accordance with their miniature statures. We can never be happy trying to regulate our lives by the yardstick established by ordinary people. So we are going to set up a State on an 'inch-stick' basis. Then we will lose our inferiority complex and feel comfortable with everything our size."

The main problem that faces this little State at the present is that of securing livestock small enough to be handled by midgets. Horses are a particular problem. Without a horse, farming is nearly impossible, but a huge draft animal of the type used on ordinary farms is a towering monster to a dwarf. The midgets who are leading the group, however, believe they can get around that by possibly starting out with Shetland ponies and then breeding for diminutive specimens. They point out that the original ancestor of our horse was a creature about the size of a fox, and think they may be able to get nature to do a right-about-face to solve their problem for them. The Lilliputian farms can stock bantam chickens, and they aren't worrying about cows as they plan to depend on goats for milk.

Houses, furniture, public buildings and all things about this little State will be of a size suitable to the midgets. Normal-sized people will be permitted to enter this modern Lilliput Land, but they will not be allowed to take up permanent residence there. It is believed the strange little State will attract a large tourist business and each normal outsider will be forced to have his passport stamped, for a fee, before he will be permitted to enter Lilliput. The sponsors of the idea believe sufficient money will be taken in this way to carry the burden of the cost of operating the country, so the midgets will not be taxed to fill the treasury. It is even hoped that business will be so good that the country can pay an income tax back to the citizens in the form of a cash dividend.

Work already has been started on the little country, and it is reported that once it has been established, the Lilliput Theatre will move out of Budapest, and into the land of the midgets where it will play regularly to an audience its own size.

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# What Do You Think Happened to Co-Ed Ruth?

## All the Opportunity a Detective Thriller Offers to Guess the Solution in the Mysterious Disappearance of Miss Baumgardner, the Ohio Wesleyan Senior---And Here Are All the Conflicting Clues to Work On

Missing Co-Ed Ruth Baumgardner.

THE strange disappearance of Ruth Baumgardner, pretty twenty-two-year-old senior at Ohio Wesleyan University, who was planning to be married soon after graduation, suggests one of those problems in "baffle books," where the reader is given all the clues and several different theories and then left to figure out the solution for himself, only in this case the answer is not in the back of the book.

Six theories have been advanced—suicide, murder, kidnaping, elopement, wanderlust and amnesia—and each explanation appears to be plausible up to a certain point, but then it is confronted by some contradictory fact or circumstance.

About 11 o'clock on a night last May Ruth told some of the girls in her dormitory she was simply worn out—she had been "cramming" for final examinations and working very hard as chairman of the decorating committee for a college celebration. So she dragged herself upstairs in her lounging pajamas and went to her single room.

Later in the night the dormitory telephone rang, and an unidentified young man asked in an agitated voice if Ruth had come in and said he just had to speak to her. The girl who answered the telephone told him co-eds aren't allowed to talk to men that late at night, and hung up. In a little while the telephone rang again, and it was the same young man. And the girl who went to the telephone that time told him the same thing. But the young man kept on ringing up—nobody remembers how many times. So it may be that Ruth herself answered one call.

The next day, after Ruth had failed to show up at any of her classes, her sorority sisters decided she must have skipped out for a "lark." But they were unable to find any trace of her. They went to her room, and finding it locked, became alarmed and notified the college authorities.

About that same time, another girl was going up the back stairway in the dormitory when she saw a leather key case lying in the corner of one of the steps. In it were the key to Ruth's room, an identification tag and duplicate switch key to her large red roadster, which her parents had given her a short while before as a graduation present. The automobile was found in its garage with a key in the switch.

### The Police Theory

The police in the college town of Delaware, Ohio, had not been working on the case very long before they advanced the customary police theory of suicide. On two occasions, they learned, Ruth had called on the "lovelorn" editor of a Cleveland newspaper for advice, saying she felt she was a "misfit in life." For some time before her disappearance she had been staying away from devotional services and this made the police believe she must have had something on her mind which she no longer hoped to solve through religion.

Then Ruth's mother, Mrs. Carl Baumgardner, of Lakewood, a suburb of Cleveland, arrived at the university and after checking over everything in her daughter's room announced that she must have been wearing her oldest clothes when she went out—an old brown suit.

The police felt this strengthened their theory, but they were convinced it was suicide when the watchman at a State highway garage reported he had seen a girl in a red roadster of the same make as Ruth's drive up to an abandoned stone quarry about 7 o'clock on the night of May 3. She was alone and for quite a while she walked around looking down in the quarry which has about 50 feet of water in it.

If she intended to drown herself, they argued, the natural thing for her to do was pick out a place, return her car to its garage, sit around for a while chatting with some of her friends so they would not become suspicious and then change to old clothes and slip out of the dormitory late at night just as she seems to have done. They thought she locked her room door so no one would discover she was gone before she had a chance to carry out her plan, but deliberately put the keys where they would be found.

As for the mysterious telephone calls which have never been traced, the police argued they might have come from one of Ruth's friends who may have suspected she was thinking of suicide.

Last February Ruth became engaged to 23-year-old Harry B. Moore, a filling station attendant, and the police were told shortly before her disappearance she had returned her engagement ring, asking him to have the stone reset for her in a way that pleased her better. About that same time, they were told, she received a letter from another young man in Cleveland who was infatuated with her. To the police, this seemed to indicate that she was torn between the two men, and not knowing what to do about it, had decided to kill herself.

But at this point the suicide theory began to break down. Miss Louise Pritchard, the head of Ruth's sorority chapter and one of her closest friends, said that she and Ruth were together from 6 o'clock until 8:30 on the night of May 3 so the watchman must have seen somebody else looking into the quarry. Then Mrs. Baumgardner pointed out that an old suitcase and various toilet articles were also missing from Ruth's room. So if Ruth intended drowning herself why had she taken along a suitcase? Furthermore, the quarry and the Olentangy River in the neighborhood of the college, failed to yield Ruth's body.

The Quarry Hole Near the College, Where Ruth May Have Drowned Herself, but Why Did She Take a Suitcase with Her?

Ruth, Shown in a Photograph Taken Before the Strange Events that Led Up to Her Puzzling Departure from College.

Ruth's Room in the Girls' Dormitory, Which She Left in Such Mysterious Haste.

### The Townfolk's Theory

The explanation that appeals the most to the townspeople is the murder theory. They have no idea of who may have committed the murder, if there was one, or why, but they feel that the police have not attached enough importance to those mysterious telephone calls. It isn't natural, they say, for a young man to keep on calling a girls' dormitory like that in an agitated voice, after being told it's against the rules, and it does seem strange that a well-bred young girl, who is expecting to be married in a short while, should get up in the middle of the night, dress herself in her oldest clothes and vanish. So they consider it likely that Ruth did answer the last of those repeated telephone calls and was lured to her death.

At first it was thought that robbery might have been a motive for murder, because it was learned that on the day she disappeared she had cashed a check from home at a confectionery store near the campus. But then it was revealed that this was only a $5 check, and it seems unlikely that anybody would lure a girl out into the night and kill her for $5.

The police insist that if any of these circumstances point toward the possibility of murder, some better evidence of a motive would have undoubtedly been found by this time.

### Her Fiance's Theory

The explanation which seems the most plausible to young Moore, Ruth's fiance, is the kidnaping theory. The chief basis for this is Ruth's new automobile, which is an expensive car and might easily give gangsters the notion that she belonged to a more wealthy family than she actually did—although as secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Baumgardner Manufacturing Company, makers of funeral supplies, her father is well-to-do.

Then it might be that the young man who kept telephoning finally got her out of the dormitory upon some pretext—perhaps reading her a fake telegram that some member of her family was ill. And as she hurried toward the garage she might have been caught and carried away in a kidnapers' car.

But there have been no ransom notes, and no effort to get in touch with the family, which has already offered a $500 reward for any information leading to her discovery. Besides, if the man who telephoned was going to deliver a fake message, why didn't he tell the first girl who answered the telephone what he wanted to talk to Ruth about?

### Her Classmates' Theory

Some of Ruth's classmates think that the simplest explanation is that she has eloped with someone none of her friends or her family know anything about. She was romantically inclined—the two visits to the love-lorn editor a few years ago show that. For weeks she was known to have been in a strange mood—frequently missing chapel supports that. So they think that maybe her request to have her engagement ring reset was just an excuse to send it back to her fiance without telling him what she had in mind.

But a girl usually does not elope in her oldest clothes, and it does seem unreasonable that she would cause her family so much anxiety by not communicating with them for over three months, if she had simply run away to get married. Besides, detectives all over the country have searched every likely place for a record but have found none.

The chief support for the wanderlust theory, which is held by her sorority sisters, is a remark she made to one of them not long before she disappeared.

"If I ever decide to run away," she said, "I'll leave my car behind because it would be too easy to trace me in a bright, red automobile."

She told another friend she was afraid she wasn't going to pass in all of her school courses and wouldn't get her diploma, so her sorority sisters believe she gave in to a sudden impulse to escape from the strain she had been under, and is now wandering around the country.

Further evidence in support of this theory are reports of a hitch-hiking girl answering Ruth's general description who has been seen in various parts of the country sometimes alone, sometimes with a young man.

One automobilist reported he had given a young girl and a youth a ride from Knoxville, Tennessee, to Nashville. He said the boy called her "Ruthie" and sometimes "Baumie," and she called him "Freshy," and that they told him they had come down from Delaware, Ohio, through Asheville, North Carolina.

Then the proprietor of a tourist camp at La Mesa, New Mexico, reported that a hitch-hiking girl stopped at his place and signed the register "Baumgardner—Ohio," but it is now believed that this may have been some other girl who had read of the Baumgardner case and signed the register in that way merely as a prank.

The weakness of the wanderlust theory is that Ruth was not the sort of girl who would set out on such a jaunt alone. A well-balanced girl, she was deeply interested in her art courses and was planning to continue the study of painting and designing after her marriage. As for her fear of not getting a diploma, her teachers say there was no reason for that because she stood high in her classes. Her home life was a happy one in every respect, and her parents had always given her anything she wanted. So they feel that if she had wished to travel she would have told them about it.

### Her Parents' Theory

Both her parents and the university authorities are convinced she is suffering from amnesia, a temporary loss of memory, and is wandering around unable to remember her name or tell anyone where she came from. The last time she visited her parents, during her Spring vacation, they were disturbed because she had lost considerable weight, and just a few days before her disappearance they received a letter from her in which she complained of being very tired.

So they believe she has had a temporary lapse of memory, brought on by a nervous breakdown, as a result of overwork. But if this is true how does it happen that no trace of her has been found? Her money would have run out long ago, and she would have had to ask someone to help her, and whoever did help her would be almost certain to report the case to the proper authorities.

So this theory does not appear to be any more conclusive than the others, and detectives working on the case are as much "baffled" now as they were when they first started searching.

**To Which Theory of How and Why Ruth Disappeared Does the Solution Lie? (1) Elopement and Marriage? (2) Was She Kidnaped? (3) Murdered by Robbers? (4) Did She Drown Herself? (5) Or Is She Wandering About the Country, and If So, Has She Lost Her Memory?**

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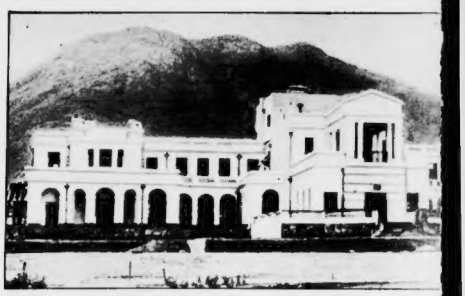
# How I Waded Through Blood

## Extraordinary Confessions of the Brigand Chief, Bacha Saqu Could Neither Read Nor Write, Who Overcame Kin Himself and His Barbarous Cutthroat Palace of Afghanistan

Bacha Saqao in His Uniform as Commander of His Army of Rough Men From the Hills. Now That He Promoted Himself to Be King He Adopted the Name of King Habibullah.

The Landing of King Inayatullah From a British Airplane in Peshawar, India. King Amanullah Had Abdicated in Favor of His Brother, Prince Inayatullah, but Frightened at Bacha Saqao's Army Outside the Gates of the Capital, He Gave Up the Throne and in the Disguise of a Woman Fled.

Malik Mohsin, a Bloodthirsty Old Rascal, Appointed by Bacha Saqao Governor of the Capital, Kabul.



Bacha Saqao, Who Proclaimed Himself King and Annulled the Law Requiring Native Women to Wear European Clothes and Forbidding Them to Wear Veils on the Streets. The Afghan Women At Once Returned to Their Native Costumes and Veils, As Shown in the Photograph by Dave Wynn.

LIFE is precarious in Afghanistan, that semi-barbarous state which lies between Russia and India, but there is one spot, Kabul, the capital, where there is law and order and the refinements of civilized modern life. In Kabul lives the King (the Amir) in the royal palace and there are electric lights, telephones, automobiles and a few foreign legations. In the hills outside the capital murderous bands of brigands waylay travelers and rob the camel caravans without restraint.

It was Bacha Saqao, king of the bandits, who made up his mind to make himself king of his country. In these pages Bacha tells his own story of how he came down from the mountains at the head of his cutthroat band of robbers and overthrew the king, Amanullah.

Unmatched by any historical event in modern times, the adventures of this brigand who became a king read like chapters from the Arabian Nights. His story was transcribed by a scholar to whom he dictated it.

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

A boy of fourteen, young Bacha Saqao ran away from Kalakan, the wretched village of his birth, after committing his first murder, and became a bandit in the hills. A Mullah (Holy Man) prophesied that the brigand would become a King and gave him an amulet to charm away bullets. He also declared that two months after the Mullah's death Bacha would meet his doom.

His qualities of leadership made him chief of the brigands and he and his band plundered the caravans with ruthless hand. Expeditions sent against him by King Amanullah were captured or driven off and Bacha, at the head of 2,000 bandit hillmen, set out to attack Kabul, the capital.

Gathering to his standard some of the native tribes who were angry at the King's efforts to modernize the country, Bacha arrived at the gates of the capital with a considerable force. After some stiff fighting, the bandit chief entered Kabul and King Amanullah fled.

**By BACHA SAQUO,**
**Robber Chief, Who Made Himself King of Afghanistan.**

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*(Continued from Last Sunday).*

**CHAPTER IV.**

WEARY from my pursuit of Amanullah, and exhausted, for my wound had not yet healed, I placed my command temporarily in the hands of my lieutenant, Syed Husain.

I felt that I could do so, for I did not take the obese Inayatullah, the new King, too seriously.

When I was informed that he had appeared on the balcony of the palace while the Court Chamberlain read of his accession, I laughed, notwithstanding my fatigue.

"Go," I called to Syed Husain. "Go and prick the fat one. Skewer his belly if needs be."

I had a letter written and despatched to this new King, in which I told him that he must either surrender, or prepare for battle.

Inayatullah did not immediately reply, and I signaled to Syed to proceed. The next morning he was within the city, and he had Inayatullah besieged in the palace.

Shortly, the white flag was seen, and another King had come and gone. Inayatullah signed an agreement with me whereby he agreed to abdicate and to acknowledge me King.

The manner of his departure presented a problem, for Amanullah had gone with the last of the aeroplanes. Eventually Inayatullah winged his way out of the country to Peshawar in a British aeroplane, and within a few minutes of his going I was in the Palace.

I was master of Kabul, and certainly master of my province of Kohistan. All seemed to be going well with me, but there were still many kings to be removed from my path.

However, I must dwell upon my triumph.

There was no little of pomp and circumstance attaching to my formal entry into the capital. Inayatullah's aeroplane had hardly left the ground before I entered via the principal gate, riding my charger. The bazaars were filled with my cheering soldiers, and the Kabulis, too, seemed glad to be rid of a family which could impose upon them such un-Afghan ways. There was, I admit, little of military precision in the comportment of my men. There were no blaring bands; the men did not march in rank, and they did not attempt to keep step; but—all bore themselves as victors and as fighters, even though they were unkempt and begrimed from a campaign which had been waged in the dead of Winter and in gales, rain and deep snow.

My men did not require to march with mincing step in order to create an impression. All thronged the streets and windows to see the valiant men of the hills who had followed the water-carrier's son through so many vicissitudes until, today, he was King.

With a few of my companions I made haste to enter the Royal Palace, and from there I sent out a formal notice intimating that I had assumed the sovereignty and announced myself as King Habibullah. From the people of Kabul I demanded written guarantees of allegiance—not because I believed in their written word more than that which was spoken, but because I wanted something to brandish in their faces should occasion arise.

About fifty of my principal followers accompanied me into the Palace, and a most intriguing place we found it. Of those with me only one had seen European furniture before, and many of the appointments were quite beyond their comprehension.

They laughed loud and long at the long, white baths, and refused to credit that mortals could go to such trouble merely to cleanse their bodies when there were streams ready to hand. These were the first European baths that I, too, had seen, but this I did not admit. Having dwelled in the land of the foreigners I was credited with a knowledge of all such things, and I was required to answer a host of questions put to me by my brawny hillmen as we made our tour of the immense rooms.

One of my men, Malik Mohsin, was a hoary old scoundrel of seventy. I was to make him Governor of Kabul, but when he first entered the capital he had never ventured beyond the hills. He was an immense man, well over six feet tall and broad in proportion, and he was a large landowner in Kalakan, the village of my birth. Because I had performed a number of tasks for him when I was a boy the old man was apt to give himself airs, and it was frequently necessary to remind him of his place. He could never entirely forget, however, that he had had a King in his employ.

In one of the Palace rooms there was a billiard table such as I had seen in the bazaars of Peshawar, and Malik Mohsin evinced considerable interest in this piece of furniture. In truth, the old man had been rather trying that evening, and when he asked me to declare its purpose, I told him that it was a bed specially imported from across the seas for generals of renown and of giant frame. I assured him that such was my satisfaction with his efforts on my behalf that I would allocate to him this unique bed. I bade him depress the side cushions, to determine how soft the bed really was. The dust cover I described as the bed covering, and I assured the old man that now we were ensconced in the Royal Palace he would have to divest himself of his clothing before retiring, this being the accepted thing among the great men.

The weather was still desperately cold, and Malik Mohsin's denunciation of all things foreign the next morning did much to make me forget the hurt in my back. He complained of the undue hardness of his billiard-table bed. His principal vexation was that he had been unable to tear away a hole for his buttocks—an old hillman's trick when lying in the open. For several days he carried his aged bones with a limp, yet I doubt whether he was any more uncomfortable than those of my band who sought to sleep on down-covered mattresses and between blankets lined with silk.

I did little more that night than to see that my men were well fed. In the morning, after a night spent on a thick-pile carpet—for I, too, distrusted these foreign beds—I assumed the mantle of kingship, and began the construction of a cabinet.

I had seen too much of Amanullah's court to have any respect for too much learning or for courtly manners, as such. Indeed, I distrusted those who were learned of the arts. I could neither read nor write, and I had found it no handicap. I could hire for a few rupees those who had assimilated the ways of the pen, and I determined that my cabinet should be one of action.

No bowing, lip-serving courtiers for Bacha.

My brother, Hamidullah, I made my personal assistant.

Syed Husain, my principal lieutenant, who had stood me in such good stead upon the field of battle, I named as Minister of War.

As Court Chamberlain I had to have someone who was acquainted with the ways of courts, yet someone whom I could trust. Here I turned to Sher Jan, lately Governor of my province of Kohistan.

As yet, there seemed to be little need for a Minister of Foreign Affairs, yet I filled the position with one Ata-ul-Haq. Abdul Ghafur I made Home Minister, and the venerable Malik Mohsin, Governor of Kabul, which greatly pleased the old man's sense of dignity.

The post of Minister of Finance was not an easy one to fill, but at length I made Mirza Mujtba officiating minister.

In the whole ministry, only one, Sher Jan, the Court Chamberlain, could read or write, which I considered to be just what Afghanistan of my day required. With a ministry such as this there could be little room for chicanery, and the meddling with accounts, which proved the principal pastime of Amanullah's courtiers, would be an impossibility.

My cabinet formulated, I now realized, perhaps for the first time, that I had an army. Before I had a force, but during the progress of the revolution more and more had flocked to my banner, and yes—I had an army.

I realized only too well that if Amanullah had kept faith with his men and had paid them their salaries, he would have been in a position to put down disorder when the time for action came. I resolved there and then that no matter what happened, my men should always be the first to be paid. At all costs I must keep them securely on my side, for I knew not what yet had to be accomplished.

It was my Minister of Finance who gave me my first shock. I bade him secure the keys of the Khazanah Ammirah (the Government Treasury) and these he apparently had no difficulty in appropriating. From his rather breathless account I gathered that they were still hanging in the doors of that normally well-guarded chamber when he repaired there to take possession.

His report was terse, and did not take long to deliver.

Briefly, it was that the Treasury was empty. I was aware that Amanullah had been extravagant, and that he had spent over $5,000,000 on his foreign aping, but never did I expect that I would walk into an empty granary.

I admit that I was both angry and chagrined when this dire news was brought to me, for the country had been ravished of three years' taxes in advance by Amanullah, and the speedy filling of the national coffers was going to prove a difficulty.

The assembled cabinet heard the report of the Finance Minister, for this was a subject in which we were all interested, and many were the cries of consternation when Mirza told us of Amanullah's shortcomings.

When, too, was added to this the report of the complete absence of the Crown jewels, I was beside myself with anger.

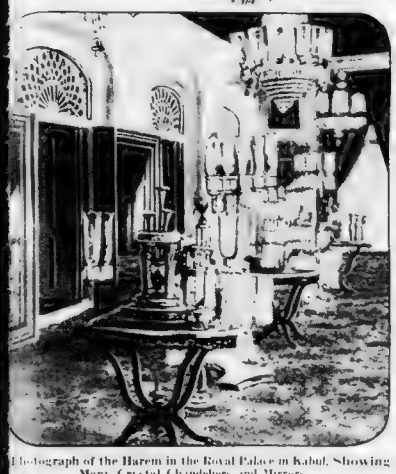
"Amanullah!—he is nothing more than a common thief," I stormed, and the cabinet agreed, for the outlook was indeed dark.

I glanced round at the circle of blank faces,

# to Become a King

## ıo, Ignorant Bandit of the Hills, Who g Amanullah, and Established s in the Royal

the Royal Palace in Ka- From Which Amanullah n Away, and Three Days r the New King Inayatullah Frightened Off the Throne Bacha Saqao. Immediately Inayatullah Left the Bri- Chief Entered the City and Moved Into the Palace.



Photograph of the Harem in the Royal Palace in Kabul, Showing Many Crystal Chandeliers and Mirrors

*"I nodded to the doctor who pushed forward the man's arm. I swung my sword, could have sliced his right arm, but contented myself with only the thumb.*

*"I picked up the member and held it before the amazed man's face.*

*"'Fifty thousand rupees before five o'clock,' I said brusquely, 'and—here is my security. Failing the money, your left hand shall follow your right thumb.'*

*"The fellow swayed and collapsed. I left him with the doctor."*

[illegible] inspiration
I turned to Mirza
Ye Emaire Minister, I said "what have you
[illegible] nothing [illegible] At
he had nothing [illegible] language
would provide money for the troops who
[illegible] hungrily awaiting some tangible token
[illegible] I said regard
He returned with dignity [illegible]
[illegible] For a time I listened in patience, while
[illegible] many pleas on that, but at length I was
[illegible] ined to interrupt It was then nearly noon,
and I wanted money
How many rupees will all this bring in by five
[illegible] I demanded
Mirza eyed me aghast, as if he could not believe
[illegible] rs.
Five o'clock, Your Majesty?" Plainly he was
[illegible] pled
Before, if possible," I re-joined. "If your
[illegible] s will not accomplish that, then you had
[illegible] deast."
Your Majesty," he stammered. "What can I
I knew what he wanted to say. Had he dared
[illegible] ould have resigned his post, for I was none too
[illegible] ed For answer I sent for the Chief of Police
[illegible] this officer arrived I interrogated him
[illegible]
So you continue in your post?" I asked him
[illegible] dly enough.
He salaamed deeply. I had this man's measure.
He was the type who would adhere to such a profit-
[illegible] ble appointment until he was pried loose with a
[illegible] abre.
Know you all the Hindu money-lenders of
Kabul and others who have money?" I demanded.
The man hesitated before replying, for he could not tell what was in my mind. He did not desire to [illegible] his own private worries, however [illegible] him at his ease.

"Amanullah was [illegible] a servant of his country I explained "that it is necessary [illegible] not to resort to the [illegible] I to raise a loan to [illegible] I added with grave [illegible] no part of your property [illegible] that of the [illegible] were poor.

He salaamed [illegible] He went to the [illegible] ing.

Your [illegible] I [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] others to the [illegible] At [illegible] trusty [illegible] not [illegible] all [illegible] goods

He salaamed, and went [illegible]

While this officer was performing [illegible] I appraised Malik Mohsun the new Governor of Kabul of some of his. Although these [illegible] him, [illegible] fox's eyes glittered as I [illegible] I knew that the Minister of Finance [illegible] his worries for the time being. He need be nothing more than a cashier.

Presently, Sher Jan, my Court Chamberlain, who displayed an early flair for his duties, announced that the money-lenders and other moneyed men were on their way, and that the first contingent had arrived within the palace. I walked to a window, and watched the procession as it was being shepherded through the gates of the palace, and a motley one it was. There were no signs of privation here, and there was not a man who did not boast of a paunch which spoke of high living, and of a distaste for honest exercise.

Always had I hated these men, and their class, for I had seen what their rapacity could accomplish. My father sought assistance of such a one when the time came for the marriage of my sister, and he paid until the time of his death. Indeed, the rapscallion who negotiated the loan went to considerable lengths to fasten the debt on to me, the eldest son, and would no doubt have succeeded had I not threatened to burn down his house, and otherwise displayed my resentment.

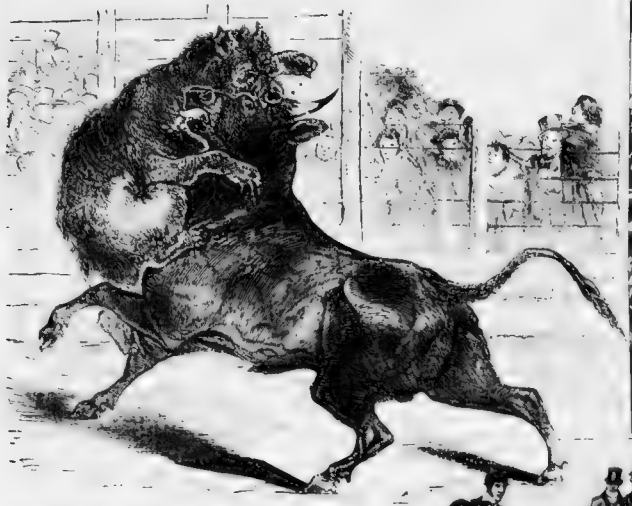
I was never the scholar to work out for myself exactly what my father was required to pay for this accommodation, but a student in Peshawar once amused himself with a long series of calculations. He estimated that my father had repaid the loan five times. He continued to pay sums regularly each month until he died, and then the money-lender declared that I owed him an amount more than the original loan.

So it was all through the villages of Afghan- [illegible]

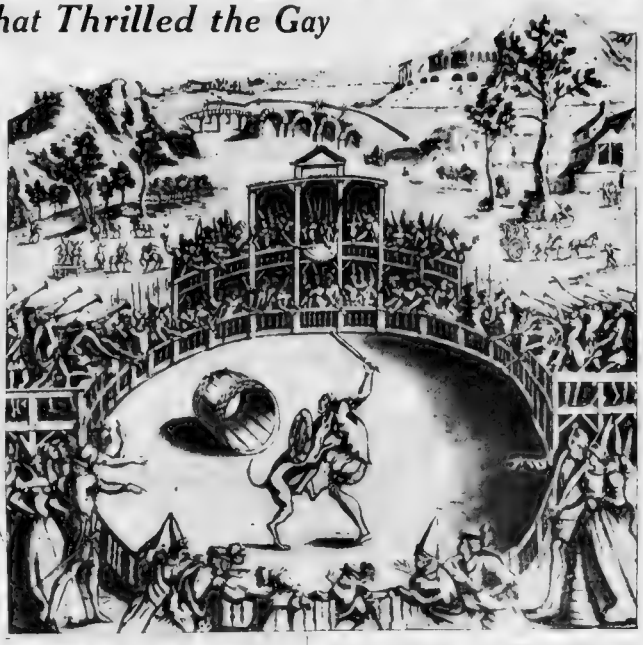
[illegible] I [illegible] would [illegible] their way to the [illegible] own [illegible] rather than of the money which [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# Strange Prize Fights When Boxing Was Too Tame

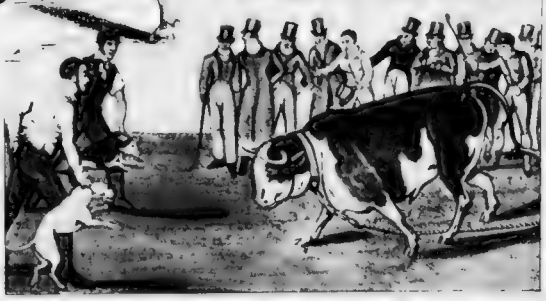
## *Cruel and Unequal Ring Combats That Thrilled the Gay Young Sports Recalled by Curious Old Prints Made When "Man Bites Dog" Wasn't News*



A Spirited Fight Between a Bull and Bear Which Was Attended by Thousands of Spectators Less Than a Century Ago



Man Bites Dog—When Fighting Was Man and Dog Fights Could Always Be Had—Far Back in Medieval Times, Until the End of the Last Century, Strangling, Biting and Rending the Dog Were Permissible but Many a Jubilator Slew Lost His Ears—Even His Life



Curious Old Prints Showing Dogs Being Set on a Bull While the Gentlefolk Looked On. In the Second Picture Their Alarm Can Be Seen as the Bull Unexpectedly Rests the Dogs. It Chances Ere However That They Will Finish Off the Rope Encircling the Bull

The Bear Was More Successful in Fighting Dogs Because It Could Lift Them Up and Bite Them Without Difficulty. Even So, the Bears Often Perished


CENTRAL PARK
BULL-FIGHT
ARENA.
GRAND BULL-FIGHT
On SAT AUG 14th


Engaged in Less Than the Effort to Pass Laws for the Prevention of Cruelty

# How a Lady Chimp Spends Her Day

## *Hour by Hour Photographs of English Naturalist Kearton's Mary, Who Is Much More Human Than Some Humans Are*

Up Early, Mary Likes to Begin Her Day Dressed as Befits a Nurse With a Large Mixed Family to Look After

And There Is Usually an Invalid Doll to Be Dosed and Put to Bed

But Well Dolls Don't Like Nurse's Uniform

He Does Bess Cared For Mary Does a Little Dressing and Reasons That a Sock Is Best Dirned on the Foot

And a Lady Must Spend a Few Moments Every Day at Her Mirror

Then Comes the Diary—Only Mary Can Read It But She Knows Perfectly How to Hold a Pencil

A Careful Seamstress Always Remembers to Oil the Sewing Machine Before Working on It

Afternoon Tea Is Now Under Way and Mary's Little Manners Are Perfect

There Is an Urgent Letter to Dash Off on the Typewriter Before Going to Bed.

One Important Telephone Call to Make Anything to Postpone the Evil Hour.

And a Lady Must Never Forget to Clean Her Teeth Before Retiring.

And So to Bed With a Clear Conscience After a Busy Day.

# Left at the Church

by Olga L. Rosmanith

**The Story of What a Plucky Modern Girl Did to Keep a Promise and Pay a Debt. Complete In This Issue.**

*The Church Clock Struck Twelve and Shirley Remembered the Ominous Words Lewis Had Uttered Before, "No matter how strange or inexplicable anything seems."*

It was the eve of Shirley Laing's wedding. It was also as magical a June night as any Shirley had ever known in her familiar garden. The red roses looked black beneath the moon and the warm air was laden with spicy fragrance. But the girl who paced the mossy path was deaf and blind to all its beauty. Worry, worry, worry - what a state of mind for a girl to be in only a few hours before her wedding!

Out of the moon-washed dusk came the sound of an approaching car. Shirley flew to the gate. The car drew to a stand, a young man leaned out.

"Is that you, Shirley?"

"Why, Charles, I thought you would be at the party. I'm as likely to appear at my own funeral feast as I've come to say goodbye to you. Couldn't you drop on the hill just this once - the last time?"

The girl looked back at the house the windows festive with light. Preparations for the great day ahead were going on. She hesitated. Somewhere a voice was calling. Shirley, Shirley!

"I'll come, Charles," she said suddenly, and slipped in beside him.

No other speech as the car travelled upwards to where the hillside fell steeply away from the road and spread a panorama of shining water and black woods below them. The young man drove the car on to the grass beside the road and then looked at his companion. She smiled back at him nervously.

"This is a nice thing for a bride to be doing while her bridegroom is giving his bachelor party," she said, forcing a laugh. Her voice panics took it seriously.

"But it's different with you and me, Shirley. I've hoped till the last minute and now I just want to tell you if you ever need me I will be ready to do anything for you - anything."

At any other time Shirley would have accused him of being sentimental. She was typical of the new generation which abhors such sentiment in any form and yet in matters of love. But instead she laid her hand on his arm. "I'm sure I'll be glad to know that Charles I ... [illegible] ... a promise."

Shirley laughed. "Nothing serious. Dear Charles, you know I'm terribly, awfully fond of you. I'm sorry you have to be hurt. But I'm in love with Lewis. No, it's not that I was cross to see me or that I was in the party and he was so busy at ..."

"What's [illegible]?"

Well he looked very grave and he said 'Shirley, whatever else you trust me no matter what happens no matter how strange or inexplicable anything seems no matter what anyone may tell you against me.' Of course I said yes at once, for if he expected any strange thing was going to happen but never to me. He said he ... [illegible] ... anything more and there might be reason to worry about after all. But I have the most dreadful feeling of apprehension. Charles, what do you make of it?"

"Nothing at all. It's all quite reasonable. He cares for you so much he feels unworthy. He's good to be true. He knows that ... [illegible] ... you're just about to get everything you've ever wanted in life. Human beings are very suspicious of happiness."

He spoke of the anxiety on Shirley's pale, lovely face, but the mind of her companion was busy with a solution very different from his words. Could it be that a ... [illegible] ... Lewis Kaye's past was threatening to interfere with his marriage? Another woman making trouble ... [illegible] ... obvious answer. But to suggest such a thing was ... [illegible] ... He turned to the slim girl sitting quietly at his side. She looked too young to be going to be married. Pain stabbed his heart. "Shirley," he said, huskily, "before you give me one last kiss ..."

"I've never had a first one, Charles," she said in a low, troubled voice. "Do you think it would be right?"

The fresh, modern, smart go-ahead Shirley Laing ...

I don't know my dear, but it seems such a small thing to ask when somebody else is getting all I care for in the world."

Shirley turned her face to his sweet and white in the radiant light of the moon. Charles laid his lips lightly on hers, but suddenly they clung together in a long passionate kiss. Shirley wrenched herself free from his tight embrace. Her face was wet with tears. "You must take me back now," she said in a shaky voice.

"Do you really think everything's going to be all right?"

"Dear God, I hope so. I hope you'll be happy always. I hope you'll be safe ..."

* * *

SHIRLEY slept fitfully but waking with the dawn found her fears had fled. She leaned from her window. Overhead the sky was a shimmering misty blue, the air ... [illegible] ... not too hot a perfect day for a wedding. Her ... [illegible] ... of expectancy and adventure. There were ... [illegible] ... packed and those for her honeymoon were ... [illegible] ... Bermuda. Tonight it would be New York and tomorrow they would be on the steamer. Shirley Laing was to be Shirley Kaye. As she leaned from the window she was ... [illegible] ... a little girl again. It would be ... [illegible] ... garden of her childhood forever. ... [illegible] ... Nothing would be the same. The ... [illegible] ... gone. She felt a ... [illegible] ... of the happiness of the night. Nothing could ... [illegible] ... that last ... [illegible] ... Then ... [illegible] ... Why ... [illegible] ... affected ... [illegible] ... Lewis ... [illegible] ... Shirley came back to ... [illegible]

She got up with ... [illegible] ... her ... [illegible] ... for the ... [illegible] ... of the day to begin.

... [illegible] ... be ... [illegible] ... tonight ... [illegible] ... being married in the ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... there never ... [illegible] ... to have planned a ... [illegible] ... Yes, for Lewis ... [illegible]

... [illegible] ... the ... [illegible] ... which her father ... [illegible] ... footsteps, and the ... [illegible] ... them at the door. His kind face was one large ... [illegible] ... he had christened Shirley. "Better come into the ... [illegible] ... he said. "Mr. Kaye isn't here yet." Shirley ... [illegible] ... her day by feeling angry with Lewis for ... [illegible] ... something must have delayed him. She sat ... [illegible] ... in the vestry and waited. But the ... [illegible] ... for half an hour. The pastor said he would ... [illegible] ... and find out if something was wrong. He returned to say that the servant who answered assured him Mr. Kaye had not returned to his rooms at all last night.

The best man was there and he had been at the bachelor party. He didn't know what could have happened. He was just as bewildered as all the others. Kaye had told him to get a train and come straight out first thing. He had some business to attend to before leaving New York.

The church clock struck twelve and Shirley remembered the ominous words Lewis had uttered the night before: "No matter how strange or inexplicable anything seems." Was this it? This terrible humiliation, this abandonment, this suspense, this nothingness? Shirley fought hard to keep the tears back. She must be brave. ... [illegible] ... were there behind her eyes, pricking, burning. She must not let them fall. She would not accept pity.

At half-past twelve the party left the church and the congregation went home. The townspeople hung about the churchyard curious, scandalized, sympathetic. Shirley walked through the crowd, her face bloodless, her head high.

She knew no experience in her life would ever be so ... [illegible] ... scorching, so appalling as this terrible fiasco. ... [illegible] ... the church. Every beautiful present ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... princess. Miss Prince, she had long ago ... [illegible] ... name, how she would talk. But Shirley showed nothing of these turbulent thoughts on her white face.

Her father ... [illegible] ... her into the car. He ... [illegible] ... and said, "Don't worry, little girl." He was secretly glad that all this had happened.

Shirley pushed his hand fiercely away. "I'm not worrying," she said in a cruel, cold voice.

... [illegible] ... she reached ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... fingers. The mockery of it ... [illegible] ... bitterly disgraced, humiliated ... [illegible] ... Shirley. Her face ... [illegible] ... beautiful. She ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... lots of people ... [illegible] ... for months.

... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

right into the Stands
They Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
... refreshing Mildness
a Taste that smokers like
Chesterfields satisfy
Millions

# How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued from Double Page)

tense moment greed of wealth was greater than his regard for life. Glancing along that line of fear-wracked faces, I knew that Malik Mohsin had been wrong, and there were no troops to receive their pay, subject matter must be employed.

I stood in the direction of Sher Jan.

"Court chatchi-ai-ai," I said with emphasis you will know where to conduct this trial."

Sher Jan did not, but he was quick to the occasion and the words was watched me.

Rising from the dais I beckoned to my past.

"The throne is empty for the time being," I announced. "Those others will await outside until I return. I go to give this money greater security."

There were many apartments in the palace well suited to my purpose. There were palaces beneath the ground also, where as I had happened in the past. With a new regime there was no need for any radical alteration. Very quickly there be a tightening of the screws in these apartments which I knew so well. Indeed, I had not been in the palace for many minutes before I was conducting my first victim to the cells.

I was in the act of closing the door behind me when I heard a sound which made me glance at the face of these people behind. Sher Jan Mohsin, Za Sayed, Mahomed Nazi [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

"Twelve o'clock!"
Said Zoe Craig,
sardonically.
"The
Cinderella hour."

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LOVEDAY BRANT, beauty contest winner from Virginia, arrives in London with her uncle Jeremy Tucker, despite misgivings, she has always had a peculiar dread of her uncle, and after a quarrel she leaves and goes to live with Destiny Lovell, gay girl who is married to Brian Macartney, artist and color film director unknown to Destiny—who has separated from Macartney—Brian is also married to Virginia Craig, society daughter of wealthy Craig, a powerful underworld character.

Loveday falls in love with Peregrine Pargeter after Brian is infatuated with Virginia Craig; but, when Lady Bledlow plans to use Loveday to break up her and love affair with Virginia. Loveday discovers that Peregrine Guy is really Guy Peregrine, son of the head of the famous Peregrine Art Galleries. Lady Bledlow, who is trying to take over, takes a liking to Loveday.

Destiny and Loveday, who were both in the running in the finals of Tig Tiffany, theatrical magnate, obtain work in the latter's film, The Blue Tornado, which Macartney is directing. Destiny, in a fit of rage against Macartney's carrying on with Virginia, stages attempts to make directors admire to barely missed.

Lord Bledlow sets Guy Peregrine to guard a priceless painting. The Bandolero's Daughter, until it is shipped to America. Loveday, on Midsummer Night, follows Hiram Thicket, Guy Peregrine's chauffeur, Thicket chloroforms Guy and escapes with The Bandolero's Daughter. Guy finds Loveday in the gatehouse and believes her to have been an accomplice of her uncle's. Loveday is too much hurt to bother to warn him the truth, but takes her to Thicket's flat. Thicket, who has drunk a bottle of whisky, is drunk and apparently asleep. Guy is bewildered, and takes Loveday to his home, which he calls Hoodwink House, to recuperate.

But Lady Bledlow, who does not want Guy to marry, helps her to escape. Next morning Lord Bledlow receives a cabled receipt for the stolen painting from Macdrudi, it is signed "Olympus." He soon assumed by a clever thief of valuable paintings and objects of art. Lord Bledlow is glad that the stolen painting was a fake, the original being in a monastery in Cordova, where he had discovered it. So he arranges that Guy go to Spain to get it, as it is to be shipped to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. he discloses that Olympus' depredations have so affected Peregrine's Galleries that the sale of the painting will just about save the firm from bankruptcy.

In The New Bacchus Club, rouge rendezvous run by Zoe Craig, Macartney and Zoe receive Thicket's cable that he has accompanied Olympus, whose identity is unknown to her, to get Thicket to steal the painting. But when Thicket brings it to Macartney recognizes it as the forgery he has painted for Lord Bledlow. Zoe hopes it is a small step to Olympus' beautifully in color, and she and Destiny are agreed to go Spain to make "The Blue Toreador," with Macartney as art director.

Lady Bledlow summons Loveday to Hoodwink House. Thicket, borne in and intimates that Guy has been stealing Loveday's letters. Lady Bledlow, who has her heart set on having Guy marry Loveday, seizes on this excuse and demands the marriage. Thicket is taken aback. Guy escapes from the cottage and, when he cannot back makes a desperate bolt to the house. Lady Bledlow by telling her that they are already married. Lady Bledlow declares, asks for details of the wedding.

There was that touch of friendly and unconscious cruelty in his make-up which dwells in most men of the sort that women love.

Loveday glanced at the passage of time by her wrist watch.

"I will," she answered. "I shouldn't worry. Leave it to me."

They were going to The New Bacchus. That was their night haunt, just now. From The New Bacchus their headlights sliced the country roads homewards two hours after every midnight.

Where Peregrine spent his days, Loveday did not know, and he never told her. But the easy, comfortably lax world to which their sudden marriage was only a two-hours' wonder, in the face of more lurid sensations, was there. And someway, Peregrine took a kind of interest in old Zoe Craig.

"You're looking tired," he said. "Hard day at the studio?"

Loveday laughed. The lights of the town, flickering in and out of the car, turned her eyes to fireflies.

"Not more than usual. I'm out of the crowd, now. Haven't you seen me in the fan magazines? They call me their Color Screen Girl and they're gasping for others with my incomparable skin and complexion, but can't get them. They have me bending over a bowl of flowers, or looking at a pile of jewels or walking by a blue lake and in the close-ups you can always see a tiny color-picture, upside-down, in my eyes.

"Brian Macartney, Destiny's husband I mean Virginia Craig's" she paused—"uses me for his artistic effects. I dislike him, but he's a marvelous artist. He's one of the few men who know how to use color like other men use sound. He's to do all sorts of marvelous things with me when we get to Cordova."

"Cordova?" echoed Peregrine, startled.

"There's a big location unit going to Seville any week. My

(Continued on Page 18)

## CHAPTER XIV.
### At The New Bacchus.

PEREGRINE pulled a sly grimace. It was the same sheepish grin which, since the age of five, he had used to confess his mischievous goings-on after he had been found out.

"Thicket was substantially correct, mother. Only, of course, he squints ink round it, like the squid in the 'Arabian Nights,' and knew each other months ago, when first Tig Tiffany brought her into the limelight. I lived a secret life—freelance artist and writing-man attached to Tiffany and a prize beauties. I used to do Loveday's lettering, and then I painted her posters for her. We used to have great fun in Peregrine Gallery, and we got to be big pals, didn't we, Loveday?"

He swung round to her. The magnetism in his laughing face robbed her of her will if any had been left. But, when he looked at the invalid again, he was graver, more contrite.

"I've got to apologize on behalf of Loveday and myself for pulling your leg that night when you invited Virginia Craig to dinner"—the mask he had put on did not slip, even then—"I was pretty wild at you, mother, though we've chuckled over it since. It was rather rich, when you come to think of it, wasn't it?

"We'd only the plunge a fortnight before, and were waiting till we could screw up courage to tell you and the guv'nor, though I was more frightened of you than of him." Loveday was hurt because you should think her that sort. I mean the hard-boiled showgirl, ready to accept any kind of engagement, Tig Tiffany's Touch. Uns, and that kind of thing. You've found that out already, haven't you? She's as sweet as she looks. It's great that you approve—"

He stopped, appalled. He was a better actor than he had thought, and the gibbest liar he had ever heard. Some demon gave him the tongue for it, in that dire emergency. Checkmate!

"You swindler! I suspected it when I heard Thicket's story. Virginia Craig was only a blind, then." My word, how she frightened me! I'm so tired now. If I go to sleep, you'll stay, Loveday! Register office? Which one, Loveday?"

"Kensington," Loveday answered quickly, leaning on the bed. She held herself very still, while the little hands stroked her face. The blue eyes drowned her, but she fled right into their depths. "Kensington. Near the church, you know. The church itself would have been too public. And you'd have found us out."

"I always mix them up with registry offices—where you hire servants." The little head was nodding. "They look pretty much the same from outside, don't they? No bridal dress, no orange blossoms! Poor Loveday!"

A moment's brightness shone between the closing lids. The light touch of fingers shook on Loveday's cheek. But a smile flitted over the white, indomitable face, before it composed itself for sleep.

She was asleep. Outside Hoodwink House, the stars glittered in at the uncurtained windows, and inside the room a clock ticked sharply and smoothly, yet, to the imagination, with a note of mystery and mockery that might have been aimed at the tranquil doll-face on the pillows, or at the three people who stood about it.

* * * *

Already the young couple who entered almost every evening through the modest doors of the Chez Mon Oncle Restaurant in Greek Street had aroused the curiosity of the bald head waiter.

They were married to each other, one judged, for they did not ask for one of the discreet little cubby-holes upstairs which

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

*Ten years' research shows queer bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Listerine treatment brings quick relief to 76% of patients in New Jersey clinic.*

ARE you troubled with dandruff? Itching, burning scalp? Lifeless or falling hair? If so, remember: instead of merely treating the symptoms of dandruff, you can now attack the cause with Listerine Antiseptic.

Instead of momentarily ridding scalp surfaces of dandruff accumulations, you may now look for quick and more lasting relief and, in many cases, complete cure.

Those benefits are now possible following use of the most scientific studies ever undertaken on the subject of dandruff. It revealed the true cause of dandruff and a successful method of treating it with Listerine Antiseptic.

### Pityrosporum Ovale Causes Dandruff

In this study, test tube and microscope proved that a savage little bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, caused dandruff. It is always present on the scalp, in hair follicles, and dandruff scales.

No less important to you than this startling discovery are the results of prolonged clinical research on the treatment for dandruff. First, rabbits suffering from dandruff were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic. Within an average of 14 days, there was *complete cure* of dandruff on the sides treated with Listerine. On the sides not thus treated, dandruff was in evidence *nearly a month later.*

### 76% Got Relief

In a midwestern and an eastern skin clinic, definitely satisfactory results were obtained on men and women suffering from dandruff. In the midwestern clinic, a substantial number of those using Listerine once a day, obtained marked relief in the first two weeks. In some cases a complete cure was noted in from three to eight weeks.

In the eastern clinic, 76% of the patients who had used Listerine twice a day showed marked improvement in or complete disappearance of the symptoms of dandruff within three weeks.

### Be Patient, It's Deep-Seated

If you have any evidence of a dandruff condition, start today with full-strength Listerine once or twice a day. After applying Listerine, massage the scalp and hair vigorously.

Listerine surrounds each hair, penetrates infected hair follicles, attacking Pityrosporum ovale. As Listerine spreads its soothing medication over the troubled scalp, note how wonderfully fresh and clean, how healthy, vigorous and full of life both hair and scalp feel. See how quickly unsightly scales and flakes are removed.

### Use Listerine Only

Caution: do not expect the overnight miracles promised by remedies which have never been put to clinical test. Dandruff is a germ disease and requires persistent treatment with Listerine. Listerine's marked curative properties are due to certain ingredients in a unique combination shared by no other antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
*St. Louis, Mo.*

* For many years an odd bottle-shaped germ, Pityrosporum ovale, had been suspected of causing dandruff. No bacteriologist, however, had been able to isolate it and keep it sufficiently alive for dandruff experiments. When older men had failed, modern technicians succeeded. Pityrosporum ovale was not only isolated and kept alive, but produced dandruff by inoculation, in rabbits, guinea pigs, and man. From the dandruff thus artificially created, Pityrosporum ovale was re-isolated and, again, by inoculation, produced dandruff. This sounds like a simple accomplishment, but actually it required years of application.

LISTERINE
*for Dandruff*

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# Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

Loveday Heard the First Heavy Thud Overhead, as If a Giant Policeman Had Smitten the Place With a Heavy Mace. There Was a Pause, and Then the Ceiling Above Sagged Slowly.

(Continued from Page 15)

name's down on the party. So is Destiny's—if she doesn't go back to the heather before then."

"Eureka!" Peregrine sent her a disturbed glance. Then he recoiled, baffled. A strange premonition poured over him. The genuine Bandertillero's Daughter at the old monastery in Cordova; Loveday, Destiny, and Macartney and heaven knew what other actors in the whirligig that spun round the Goya, there also! The expert and slippery Olympus in Madrid . . .

The taxicab was lurching along the melancholy riverside lane where The New Bacchus had its being. The gaunt walls of the deceased brewery, in the entrails of which it burrowed, rose to the flushed night sky, above the dark Thames, marked for demolition.

The tower, from which the incense of brimming vats had gone heavenward in the reign of Queen Victoria and glorious beer, had already been pulled down, and presently there would be nothing left but the cellars which housed The New Bacchus. Until then . . . or until the West End became more comfortable again Zoe Craig's latest club had its abiding place there.

"New Bacchus!" Peregrine sniffed at the mingled odors of stale hops and long-dead horses. "Smells slurred ancient."

Loveday followed him inside. Tonight The New Bacchus swam upon her senses with an unusual effect. It brought to mind a Hogarth print, crudely colored by some artist in a drunk but brilliant moment, which had once found its way to Thicket's and haunted her dreams.

That must be just her mood, she told herself, because there was nothing unusual about The New Bacchus tonight. There were the same men there, lean and pouchy, bald and bearded, the same radiant, hard-eyed women, thin, lithe and tight-breasted, sitting there at the little tables, drinking Zoe Craig's expensive champagne, dancing to Zoe Craig's Punchinello band, playing in an inner room, with Zoe Craig's secret roulette wheel.

Tonight there was a large foreign element, wealthy Frenchmen and Italians touring Britain in sleek limousines, a sprinkling of Argentinos, a family of Cubans, aflame with diamonds, a few Americans.

"A cosmopolitan crowd, Mrs. Peregrine," Zoe Craig remarked. "I like 'em. It gives tone and color. Youth and laughter from all over the world. I had to come out of my den to look at it."

She had wheeled her chair to where Loveday stood under one of the groined arches alone. Peregrine and she had danced and supped champagne together. And then he had left her. She could see his dark head in the distance. He was with a girl in green, a cream and alabaster girl with red hair. Virginia Craig.

"Twelve o'clock!" said Zoe, looking up at the carved and painted bacchante, astride a wine barrel, which tinkled the hours on a bunch of metal grapes at that moment. "The Cinderella hour. I love the old fairy stories, don't you, Mrs. Peregrine?"

Loveday looked at her. Zoe Craig had bestowed her friendship upon her of late. Yet she could hardly croak her dislike and recoil from the painted, helpless creature. Her mockery of everything was so like that of a wicked fairy.

"I don't see anybody change into rags, Miss Craig," Loveday replied a little ironically. Her glance still pierced the dancers to Peregrine and Virginia Craig. A little chill was creeping about in her heart.

She felt Zoe Craig's hand laid upon hers.

"My dear, don't watch those two. You're sentimental. I am afraid, and you do believe in fairy stories, which is very foolish in a young married woman. It sometimes leads to tragedy. And no man's worth even an aspirin tablet, let alone an overdose of heroin, which a young wife of my acquaintance took not long ago. Luckily she was only very sick, which so disgusted her husband that he went off with the other woman, though he'd already grown tired of her."

"I do not understand you." Loveday tried to make her voice cold. But though her wrist, a feeling that was like the kiss of a razor blade.

"I speak of the green-eyed god." Zoe Craig shot coolly. "I thought it was understood with such a modern young couple as you and Guy Peregrine. Or rather the green-eyed goddess. Virginia has green eyes, you know. You make me feel like a fattling old woman in leg-o'-mutton sleeves at the vicar's tea party, Mrs. Peregrine. Don't look so startled, Loveday Brant!" an exclamation of entirely ironical pity came from Zoe Craig. "you don't mean to tell me that you think you've weaned him from Virginia just because you've married him?"

"I think you're rather impertinent." Loveday said in a low voice.

"That's because you're old-fashioned," answered Zoe Craig calmly. "I always knew you were. I told Tig Tiffany so long ago, but he was blind. Nobody is impertinent nowadays. It is impossible. Certainly old women like myself and your mother-in-law, Lady Biedlow, are licensed Peeping Toms, though I don't suppose she would thank anybody for bracketing her with me."

The loose skin about Zoe's eyes hooded in wicked laugh. "It should be an exhilarating fight for you, Mrs. Peregrine, to tear your husband from Virginia. You each have him in equal proportions. You have him by night—I suppose—and Virginia by day. Go in and win, Loveday Brant!"

It was like a momentary jet of venom directed at her daughter.

Loveday watched the party of Americans who had festooned one of their party with balloons and were solemnly trying to send him upon an upward flight to the ceiling. One of their number, a little man with a thin Indian nose and a cleft chin like the toe of a boot, sat apart. He was watching Zoe Craig and herself unblinkingly.

All this Loveday noticed in the flash of a second before she steadied herself to say, still coldly:

"I never expected Peregrine . . . I mean Guy . . . to drop his friends when I married him, Mrs. Craig."

"Of course not." Zoe Craig laughed gently. "You're broad-minded, my dear. And generous. But if you aren't careful, Virginia will win. She spends every day with him in the country, and you know how romantic mead-owsweet and a country cottage with a bit of honeysuckle makes a man. I'm sure you never bargained for that when you and Guy were married."

The little pause she made before the last word made Loveday look at her again and sit very still. Zoe Craig's hands closed on the wheels of her chair, preparatory to trundling herself away.

"At Kensington register office," she said her voice full of both love and serpent. "on the twenty-fifth, wasn't it?" It's strange, but it doesn't appear in the register. I suppose the registrar forgot to enter it on purpose, put it in the Deaths book instead. Impertinent? No, merely a licensed Peeping Tom. But I wish you success, Loveday Brant."

Her head turned sideways like a knowing bird. Then she nodded brightly, the wheeled chair moved smoothly toward the painted curtain upon which Bacchus and his nymphs besported themselves, and the Empress of Night, waving to acquaintances here and there on her way, went back to her den.

Loveday sat alone again under the groined arch, while the fever and tumult of the last hour of The New Bacchus eddied about her and overhead, outside that crypt of an old brewery, the dawn wind began to blow over the river. She felt too tired even to suffer.

"This is your handbag, I think," a voice said by her side.

You dropped it a minute ago. I guess it's a sort of mixed up cosmopolitan lot in this gay joint, so you'd better stick to it, hadn't you?"

It was a quiet, rather melancholy voice. It belonged to the little American with the full-face features. He sat diffidently down, and sent Loveday a shy smile.

"This a slice of the real night life of this city can you tell me?" he answered himself. "Only a fake." I see. I'm beginning to think there isn't any real night life in any city in the world. It's all alike. Always was, I expect. Even in juicier times."

The stranger nursed his knee thoughtfully. Again he threw a look at Loveday, which was that of a timid schoolboy. His face was tanned like old leather, though he could not be more than forty.

His mouth was a kind of gentle rat-trap sunk between aquiline nose and predatory chin. Only the eyes with their strange sorrel tint and their dreamy wander, saved him from sheer ugliness. They were those of a very intelligent and wistful child.

"The crippled dame in the bath-chair was Mrs. Craig, who owns the place, I suppose. She looks tough. Mrs. Peregrine. Yes, she does indeed . . ."

Loveday glanced at him involuntarily as he spoke her name, trying to make herself look frigid. But it was impossible.

"I joined the party at my hotel as soon as I heard they were coming along here. No, I'm not one of them. I'm alone. Me? I'm a cosmopolitan. Sienna, Bruges, Seville, Venice, Places of Art and Culture. My name is Jason Kelly, though I don't suppose you're interested. Kelly's Casings, you know. Casings being the trade name for frankfurter skins. Sausage skins, you call them over here. Comical, eh? But that's life. I spent twenty years building machines that would turn out a million casings a day, and now I live in Sienna, Bruges, Seville and Venice while they do it."

He laughed whimsically, triumphantly, and was immediately sober and immobile again. His dog-like eyes never swerved from Loveday. He seemed to be entirely afraid that she would leave him. But presently he spoke again in his quaint, startling way.

"Peregrine?" he said. "And that young fellow Peregrine over there is your husband. Of Peregrine's Galleries, I guess. So you will be the daughter-in-law of Lord Biedlow, the famous art dealer. He's known in all the places where I live. Sienna, Bruges do you think I'm impertinent, Mrs. Peregrine?"

Loveday colored at the word. She had just used it to Zoe Craig, and Zoe Craig had repeated it.

"I think you are a little," she answered. "But you do it very nicely. And you seem to know about most people here in spite of being a stranger."

There was a little spark like a piece of mica in Jason Kelly's red-brown glance. Coming out of the solemn plainness of his face it was startling. It went away on the instant again. Loveday was reminded of the opening and closing of an electric furnace.

"It's a matter of taking the requisite interest, that's all." His pleasant, melancholy voice sounded almost sleepy. "Most people walk about in a sort of parking-case of their own and only lift the lid to peep out when they feel that way. It's my passion—my fellow creatures. That's not good grammar, but I had very little education in my youth. I was quite deaf till I was fifteen, when a doctor in Chicago cured me. One thing I did learn. That's lip-reading. It's very fascinating to a man like me. Mrs. Peregrine, a picky-nosed philosopher. Kind of licensed Peeping Tom."

He looked absently into the kaleidoscopic crowd. Loveday felt herself slowly begin to burn, remembering how the strange little man had watched Zoe Craig's lips.

As collectedly as possible she picked up her handbag.

"Thanks for retrieving this," she said. "I must go and join my husband."

"One moment, Mrs. Peregrine."

Jason Kelly touched her for an instant. His mild, pleading look took away her confusion and resentment in spite of herself. He was so like a naive art-wondering boy, and she had to confess it he attracted her and made her almost forget her misery for a few minutes.

"Are you've been very friendly, letting me talk to you like this. But, tell me. There's a girl named Thicket here—Jeremy Thicket, a dealer in antiques. I collect antiques. That's why I ask. Is that him with the brown beard I was dancing with you?"

"Yes." Loveday answered. "He happens to be my uncle. Is there anything else, Mr. Kelly, before I go?"

She laughed with some unsteadiness. It was strange, but this eccentric man seemed the friendliest creature to her in all The New Bacchus that night. All the others—even Peregrine—were, in some dim way, her enemies.

"Well" He looked at her gravely. "This is a kind of bohemian haunt, isn't it? Beards and cubist pictures and things. Isn't there some artist in this gang good at copying old masters? I never knew an art dealer, however big a bug he was, to be right above temptation, and where's the sin if a man like me, say, buys a fake and believes it to be genuine Velasquez right up to his death-bed and beyond?"

Maybe your father - in - law, Lord Biedlow, knows such a modern fake-painter. Once in a lifetime he might get tired of solemnly selling real old masters for thousands of times more than the original painters got for them, and palm off a wrong one out of sheer devilry. But you don't know, of course. Anyway, it's not a fair question. No, it isn't."

"I dare say Brian Macartney could do that sort of thing." Loveday speaking slowly as she looked down at the stranger's serious leathery face, could not but remember Destiny Lovell in the garb of The Banderillero's Daughter "but you'll have to approach him personally. Is that the very last of what you want to know?"

She shook herself from some fantasy that held her fast. It came out of her deadly fatigue, probably, for she was all but asleep on her feet where she stood. The hot pulse of The New Bacchus held unreality.

Only the stifling atmosphere was real. That was nearly sulphurous, and blurred all the people in the old brewery cellar. She meant to take her departure, with or without Peregrine. The premonition that something was going to happen to The New Bacchus must have been mere fancy. She wanted to get home and find a cool pillow to bury her face in.

* * *

The collapse of Stungi's old brewery through the giving way of some under-pinning timbers used in the course of demolition, made a prominent item in the newspapers next day. It happened in the early hours of the morning, and a number of persons frequenting a riverside club which had been recently established in the basement were injured.

Loveday heard the first heavy thud overhead as she turned to leave Jason Kelly and walk to the doorway. It was exactly as if some giant policeman had smitten the place with a heavy mace, demanding admission in the name of something greater than the law.

There was a pause, and then the ceiling above sagged slowly, letting down a fine powder of dried mortar and plaster. Bacchus and his nymphs, painted on their curtain, bellied out and spewed splintered timbers.

That was all there was to be seen, for the lights went out, the band caterwauled to silence, and shouts and screams took the place of the music.

**To Be Continued Next Sunday.**


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# Tips on Serving Melons

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

IN a previous article on this page, I showed how to select good melons. This week, I will describe a few of the tastier members of the Muskmelon Family, with methods of serving them intriguingly:

**Honeydew Melon** has a pale yellow rind, almost white; its texture is fine, and its aroma distinct and flower-like. Iced and dusted with salt, it is an ideal breakfast fruit, appetizer or light dessert.

**Honeyball Melon** comes from Texas, and is said to be a cross between the honeydew and the Texas cantaloupe melons. It is smaller than the honeydew, without "ribs" and as round as a baseball. Its texture is very tender and it has a pale, slightly netted rind. A dash of lime or lemon juice brings out the full flavor, and it is used the same way as honeydew, although its season is earlier.

**Globo de Oro Melon** has a golden, almost transparent rind, which is finely netted. It is thick-meated and juicy, and its seed cavity is small. The flesh is a salmon pink, coarser in texture than cantaloup, and not as sweet.

**Casaba Melon** is a bright globular orange melon, resembling an oversize grapefruit, but with a deeply furrowed rind. There is little or no seed cavity, and when cut the melon looks like a pale muskmelon, since the flesh is a creamy gold. Its flavor is mellow, although not so sweet as the honeyball or honeydew. About forty years ago the casaba was called the "winter pineapple," because of its ridged appearance. Many hybrid melons were developed from this stock.

**Persian or Santa Claus Melon** has flesh of a still deeper shade than the casaba. The rind is netted, much like that of a cantaloup, but the shape is flatter and the whole melon looks like a football. Its flesh is more substantial than that of the more watery varieties, and may therefore be served in smaller portions. It comes on the market in late July and continues until leaf fall.

To the epicure, always the perfect fruit or food, fully ripe, and eaten as simply as possible, is the ideal. Thus to serve any melon au naturel, fully chilled, is sufficient, and a method which admits of no improvement. But to many, even this simplicity becomes tiresome, and they long to cut the melon, dice it, and combine it in many ways with other fruits or ingredients.

Chilled melon pulp or balls or cubes, make a pleasing first course or appetizer. Scoop out with any size of French ball cutter, and place to chill, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar and a little lemon or other fruit juice. Two kinds of melon, as honeydew and watermelon, combine pleasingly.

There are some melon salads with whipped cream dressing or light lemon and oil dressing, which are tasty. Melon balls in chilled ginger ale are cool and refreshing.

Indeed, gelatin may play an important part in melon service. Many recipes feature the various fruit-flavored gelatins with melon. Cantaloup sliced in rings filled with berry gelatin is a quick dessert. Cubes or squares of orange or lime-flavored gelatin combine well with melon balls in appetizers, fruit cups, etc. A gelatin ring, filled with fruit cubes is always refreshing and attractive for hot weather meals.

While it may seem strange to use melons as a basis for frozen creams, there are several delicious melon sherbets and ice creams worth trying. Cantaloup cream made with mashed fruit pulp, whipped cream and nutmeg flavoring is a novel frozen dessert.

And speaking of nutmeg, reminds one that a dash of nutmeg, mace, cinnamon or cloves on melons is very much relished by some epicures. Probably there is an association of spices with melons due to the mutual tropical background.

However, whether spiced, sliced or served plain, melons are cool and refreshing to body and spirit on hot summer days.

So gather your melons while you may, and make the most of them.

**Melon Cocktails:** Scoop balls from ripe honeydew melons. Combine with small squares of orange-flavored, quick-setting gelatin. Add a little lime juice and dust lightly with paprika. Serve very chill.

# Appetizing Menus for the Week

*By Mary Lee Swann*

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* |
| Apples Baked in Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee. | Tomato Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Toasted Muffins, Coffee. | Sliced Peaches, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Coffee. | Melons, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. | Prunes with Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee. | Fresh Pineapple, Cereal, Unsalted Butter, Milk or Coffee. | Orange Juice, Cereal, Apple Griddle Cakes, Coffee. |
| *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon (Company)* | Substitute | *Dinner* |
| Creamed Asparagus on Toast, Baked Tomatoes Cottage Cheese Salad, French Dressing, Prune Whip with Custard Sauce, Iced Tea or Punch. | Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Emergency Vegetable Salad (Left-Overs), Sour Cream Drop Biscuits, Pineapple-Cookies, Iced Tea. | Scalloped Green Corn, Waldorf Salad, Ginger Fruit Muffins, Floating Island Custard, Iced Tea. | Cold Corned Beef or Smoked Sausage, Tomato and Celery Salad, Hot Fudge Cake with Frozen Whipped Cream, Iced Tea. | Crabmeat and Lobster Salad, Cress Sandwiches, Rolls, Olives, Sweet Pickles, Pineapple Surprise, Iced Coffee. | *Luncheon* Creamed Shoulder on Cornmeal Waffles, Lime Frappe, Fruit Jelly Squares, Iced Tea. | Eggs Flora (Leftover), Boiled Leg of Lamb with or without Caper Sauce, Steamed Potatoes with Lemon, Buttered Wax Beans, Salad of Carrot Straws and Celery Curls, Baked Alaska Tarts. |
| *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner (Company)* | *Dinner* | *Supper* |
| Iced Bouillon, Veal Loaf with Broiled Apricots, Carrot, Beet and Green Bean Salad, Chilled Rice Pudding. | Favorite Fruit Juice Cocktail, Baked Lamb Croquettes, Creamed Green Peas, Chiffonade Greens Salad, Tomato French Dressing, Ice-Box Chocolate Cake. | Summer Bouquet, Broiled Fish, Lemon Cups Steamed Potatoes, Beet and Cress Salad, Savory Dressing, Lemon-Orange Chiffon Pie. | Currant Juice, Cold Meat Pie, Canadian Style, Grated Raw Carrot Salad, Pineapple Dressing, One-Two-Three Dessert. | Cucumber Jelly Hors d'Oeuvres, Lamb Tongues Delicate Sauce, Potatoes, String-Beans with Fine Herbs, Raspberry Chiffon Pie. | Jelly Squares, Iced Tea. | Fruit Cocktail, Salmon Cakes with Green Peas, Asparagus Salad, Salad Dressing, Blackberry Gingerbread with Frozen Whipped Cream. | Tuna and Pineapple Salad Rolls, Fruit Punch, Nut Cookies. |

**Watermelon Punch Bowl:** Choose long perfect dark melon which will lie even and flat on table. Cut thin slice from top lengthwise, making a canoe-shaped opening. Remove all pink meat with large spoon or scoop, and use for other dishes. Use a fluted cutter to scallop the edges. To serve, fill with chilled lemonade or any punch, adding small balls of the melon to float on top. Serve from large ladle.

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Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.
Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.
LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.
MUM
MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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# What are little girls made of?
# Sugar and Spice,
# And everything nice.
# AND PUFFED WHEAT!
# -SHIRLEY TEMPLE

**SCHOOL DAYS** are here again. And Shirley's as fit as a fiddle, ready to tackle her reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic.

Grown-ups and children alike can learn a lesson from Shirley. She gets lots of fresh air, plenty of sleep and she eats so sensibly.

Shirley has fruit juice, as well as fruit and lots of milk, with her crisp, delicious Puffed Wheat. It's a real energy breakfast that's nourishing, yet easy to digest.

Try Shirley's "double fruit" Puffed Wheat breakfast. It's delicious. And so good for you.

*Star of* **"HEIDI"**

*A 20th Century-Fox Picture*

**SHIRLEY TACKLES** all her lessons, in school or out, with real enthusiasm. Here she is learning to play golf. That calls for lots of nourishing foods like crisp, golden-brown Puffed Wheat, as well as for lots of practice.

**DANCING LESSONS** are great fun for Shirley. And she never seems to get the least bit tired. Of course, her "double fruit" Puffed Wheat breakfasts help keep her just full of energy.

**YOU CAN GET** everything you need for one of Shirley's "double fruit" Puffed Wheat breakfasts at your grocer's. Look for this display next time you shop.

**WHEN SHIRLEY** goes on location a good supply of Puffed Wheat, fruit juice and fresh fruit always goes along too. Acting outdoors gives her a wonderful appetite. And an extra bowl of Puffed Wheat and fruit just hits the spot.

## QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT–QUAKER PUFFED RICE